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Centenary College

DECEMBER 1902

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HENRY BEACH CARRE, A B., B. D., President,

Jackson, La.

Maroon and White

Vol. 3. DECEMBER, 1902 No. 4.

"God's Noblest Work is Man."

In the beginning of cycles of ages already run, God commanded, and with one stroke, countless worlds and systems of worlds were swung into existence; worlds and luminous worlds, as far as the universe stretched its flaming wall. The soft glory of The Milky Way, the brighter glory of Orion, and the burning splendor of Jupiter adorned the vast dome, and the Earth rushed through boundless space around the Sun, reeling off days, seasons and years, while the whole system drifted toward a distant constellation.

But the glory of God's handiwork, the meaning of creation was not understood, until the earth yielded clay, God gave the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

For the grandest, the most sublime, the noblest work of God is man, for He said to the glorious angels who were keeping the gates of Light, "Let us make man in our image," and man was created, beheld what God had wrought, and listened to the "music of the spheres" as he wandered enraptured down the aisles of Paradise.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him

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to have domain over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

Behold the splendid world upon which the glory of the sun and the moon sheds warmth and light, the untold beauty of its Paradise, and tell me not that man, created in God's own image. is not the noblest work of the Almighty. Behold the gorgeous birds of paradise, the "cattle upon the thousand hills," giant beasts, superb in brute strength and courage, that creep away when the lord of Afric's blasted plain roars his challenge and asserts his supremacy; behold and remember that God madest thee to have dominion over them, and hast put all things under thy feet.

Man, through all ages, has gone on, ever upward, ever higher, ever achieving in war, art, literature and invention, until the glorious light of civilization and Christianity has illuminated almost every land of our globe.

"Ages call and heroes answer," and Alexander and his irresistable phalanx, Cæsar and the Tenth Legion, fearless knights with burnished brass, shining steel and waving plumes on prancing chargers, The Man of Destiny, and his Old Guard, that deemed themselves invincible, have glorified the pages of history, not as a bright comet, flashing across the sky and then going down forever in a flood of oblivion, but as the evening star, full of glory, and burning with ever increasing radiance.

And strange it is, that in a later day, the most conspicuous examples of bravery and heroism should spring from our own sunny soil and that Southern men should capture the laurels of Santiago and Havana. Clad in the gray or clad in the blue, the heart beats the same, and Wheeler, Schley, Hobson and Bagley have again shown the world that chivalry is not dead and that Dixie is its home.

If you would see the memorial of the great Christopher Wren, enter St. Paul's Cathedral and look about; if you would see the memorials of Raphael, Angelo and Meissonier, gaze upon their living canvasses, which speak to the soul, and awaken to life feelings that are indescribable.

Listen to the music of the masters and tell me not that man has not struck chords attuned to the heartstrings themselves. Sing of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, and men of science and invention, who have chained the thunderbolts, who have taken the "wings of the morning" and rushed across continents. But stay, leave the paths of glory that lead but to the grave, and ascend with me that hill without a city wall, where Jew, Scythian, Greek and Roman legionary join together in the terrible tumult, and behold a man, crowned with thorns, led forth to die for the sins of the world. And as He hangs upon the cruel cross, and His spirit ebbs away, lift your burning faces to His dying eyes, and repentant cry, "Thy love to me was wonderful," and hear His welcome, "Thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

"Still stands the forest primeval," still the eagle, king of birds and child of the Sun, builds his nest on the lofty crags, the bespangled tiger yet hunts his prey in the jungles of India, the roar of the lion still reverberates o'er Afric's sun-scorched plain, rivers still wind in the same channel to the sea, oceans still ebb and flow, and the planets still rush around the sun, as they will forever, but man, in the light of past achievements, with a heart for any strife, strives on, ever upward, ever higher, ever bearing on his banner the strange device—*Excelsior*. And he will ever bear this strange device, until overtaken on the bleak mountains of Death by the snows of Time, for not his brute strength, not his brute endurance, drives him onward, ever upward, ever achieving. The brute has instinct, but man has intellect, and he will ever go on achieving, until time shall be no more, for he is endowed with the noble attributes that distinguish him from the brute.

And aye, man has a soul. Could we not mention one splendid achievement, could we not cite his dominion over the beasts of the field and his lordship of creation, still we could say, "God's noblest work is man." Was he not made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor, and endowed with a never-dying soul?

Though the scoffer's dissecting steel may find no soul, it exists, and will, after the shining angel of God has placed one foot on the land and one on the sea and declared that time shall be no more; the stars have grown dim with age, Venus has flickered and gone out, the moon has turned to blood, and the sun has gone down forever in western darkness and eternity. The soul alone will escape the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

Think you the soul of man will ever die?

The giant oak will decay, granite boulders will crumble to dust, time will level the magnificent works of man, Heaven and earth will pass away, but the soul of man will still live.

Were a bird to take from the beach one grain of sand, and fly to a far distant star, and return again and again, until our earth be carried away, eternity would be just beginning and the soul of man would still live.

Eternity glides on, and age after age will glide on forever, but only the immortal soul will measure the flight of years.

Then glorious thought it is, that we have been made a little lower than the angels, that of all God's creation, man is noblest, that mind is greater than matter, and glorious charge it is, that we must so live, that in our brief span of life, we may prove our nobility, make humanity the better for our existence, and strive to say at the close of each day, like the good king of old, that we have done that day some good work and noble deed.

We stand, as it were, beneath the towering pyramids of past greatness and achievement, ready to do battle with the hosts of darkness, while the voice of duty calls, "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you." We stretch our hands into the future with power to mould the destiny of unborn millions. Then,

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time."

—ROBERT H. HARPER.

A Fabula.

In the fall of 190—, on the invitation of my friend and college chum, Robert Grayson, I went to Northern Michigan on a deer hunt. It was here that I met Harry Alstead and learned from him one of the strangest adventures that ever befell an American citizen. I will give the story just as he told it to us around the camp fire in those dreary woods:

I was a common sailor on the ship Alaxa which left New Orleans on the 6th of June, 1889, bound for San Francisco. The trip of the Alaxa was uneventful until the 15th of June, when a severe storm struck us, tearing away the masts and carring us rapidly toward the south.

On the night of the 18th we struck a rock and all except John Halstead, the first mate, and myself perished with the ship. By some chance we succeeded in getting away in the only boat not destroyed. We drifted the following day and night, the weather growing colder every hour. Towards daybreak of the 20th the cold became almost unbearable, and when it was light enough for us to see, to our intense surprise and dismay we found ourselves surrounded by an unbroken field of ice and snow.

Seeing that the water in which we were floating was rapidly freezing over, we decided that it would be best to go on shore, if this mass of ice could be called a shore. So we left our boat and started out, little knowing where we would go, suffering as we were from cold and hunger. After proceeding for a short distance over the snow, John saw a large bird standing on the snow

by the hull of a wrecked ship. We caught it and were preparing to eat it when an old man and a beautiful young lady of the blonde type stepped from behind the ship. The old man cried out to us in a harsh voice, "Drop that bird." We were greatly surprised to see them, and more surprised to hear the English language spoken here. The old fellow, who, we afterwards ascertained, was named Zedrich Aslovalt, informed us in perfect English that we were in the Land of the South Pole, and that it would be his duty to take us to the King of the Land of the South Pole.

When we had followed our guide about two hours the snow suddenly disappeared, and we found ourselves in a tropical country surrounded by tropical plants and birds. Just inside this tropical region we came to a wire fence, the posts of which were of silver and the wires of gold. Along this fence at regular intervals we saw hanging different kinds of birds, which seemed to be frying and baking as on a stove. The young lady who was with our guide told us to go and lean against the fence which we did, and by some magical means the flesh of the birds was transferred to our bodies and we were revived.

From this place we came to the only city in the kingdom. This city was without comparison. There is nothing like it in what we call the civilized world. The splendors of the Tay Mai are nsignificant when compared to even the lowest hovel in this place. All the palaces and temples were made of silver and gold and decorated with precious stones, and the king's palace was beautiful beyond description.

At the palace we were carried into the audience chamber where the king sat on a throne of pearls. After hearing our story the king told us that in order to save our lives we must visit the Tombs of the Kings. So we were given a room in which to spend the night, and told to make our preparations for the journey the next day.

The next morning we set out bright and early, continuing our journey over streets paved with marble. When we were about a mile from the town we came to a narrow path between

a stream of clear, sparkling water and a fence like the one we first saw. Continuing in this path a short distance we came to a place where it widened, and we found ourselves surrounded by small graves. These graves all had gold monuments at their heads and we were told that they were the last resting places of the children of the kings. At the end of this groop of graves we came to a low house.

This house was about ten feet high, forty feet wide and two hundred feet long. On the outside it looked pleasant enough, but it was not so inside. It was built of the whitest marble at the end where we stood, but we could not see what it was made of farther down. On entering through a narrow door, we were unable to see our hands before our faces. But the guides had prepared lights so we journeyed on. The place had a sickening, deadly odor about it, and lower down we could hear water falling, drip, drip, drip, like the steady footsteps of Death following close behind some poor mortal.

The first graves were immense vaults made of marble and ornamented here and there with gold and precious stones. Farther towards the lower end they were of broken bricks through which we could see bones and particles of clothing protruding. Towards the end of the house at which we had entered the ground was covered with beautiful white sand; at the middle it was damp and dirty, and at the lower end it was covered with slimy, slickery mud, such as one sees only in pestilent, snake-haunted swamps of some of the Southern countries. The lower end ol the house had been built of bricks, but now it was decayed and fallen and we could see the sunlight entering through the cracks and falling upon the dismantled tombs with an unnatural glow like that of the camp fires on a bloody battle field. At the lower end was a smaller door, and through this we now passed. After going through the door we entered a narrow, damp passage about ten feet high, six wide and fifty yards long. This passage was very dark and damp; it seemed as if rain was continually falling upon it and soaking through. Just as I entered the passage I saw a long, lean, yellowish striped cat cross it. This cat

climbed up the wall to a small window and sitting on the window edge cried out, "Beware of the witches' maw." I can see that cat now just as it looked up there on the window, its large eyes shining through the darkness like two balls of fire. It was horrible.

We went on down the passage to a door which opened into a large room. This room was the darkest place I have ever been into. You could almost feel the darkness. Just as we entered this room we saw another cat, but this one was a beautiful little kitten. I tried to catch it but it scratched my hand and escaped. The sight which we beheld after entering this room was something horrible. In one corner was a half decomposed body which looked as if something had been eating and gnawing on it. Scattered over the place we could see pieces of bones and portions of skeletons, and here and there on the bloody ground we saw curiously shaped tracks which were not possibly made by any earthly being. The stench here was sickening.

We entered this room in the southeast corner and went around it to the southwest corner. At this corner was a door and outside the door we heard a noise first low, a great distance off, then louder and louder as it came nearer. When this noise approached the door it seemed as if all the raving demoniacs of this world and of the lower regions were collected at this one place. At one moment the noise would die down to a low moan, then it would gradually increase, gaining in volume each minute, until it would reach almost deafening intensity. When it was at its greatest the door was suddenly broken open and in rushed the wild demons. Boys you see that my hair is white while I am yet a young man. Need I tell you the reason? If I live to be a thousand years old I hope and pray that may I never again be forced to go through such an experience, We realized now what the witches' maw was. As well as I can remember those terrible beings which attacked us were combinations of beasts and humans. They had the human form with huge tusks protruding from their mouths, red blood-shot eyes, long claws. and coarse red, hair covering the entire body.

When I saw these horrible things I fainted dead away. How I escaped or what became of poor John Halstead I have never been able to learn. But I rather think that my deliverance was due to the scratch wbich I received from that little kitten. When I revived from my faint I was on board the ship Brashear bound for London. The captain afterwards told me that they had found me three days before in an open boat. How long I remained in the swoon and how I got in the boat is impossible to tell.

—REMIQUE BOURRAIGUE.

Maroon and White

Vol. 3. DECEMBER, 1902 No. 4.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE JOINT LITERARY SOCIETY OF CENTENARY COLLEGE

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W. L. BYERS, Local Editor.
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Subscription price 50 cents per year. All business communications advertisements to be inserted and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on application.

JACKSON, LA., DECEMBER, 1902.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Student Pranks.

"The Youth's Companion" in an editorial states that the governing board of one of the Eastern colleges said in its annual report, in discussing the "pranks" of the students, that "the arrest and conviction of a few bumptious youths, followed by their prompt dismissal from college, would prove an object-lesson in citizenship of incalculable value to the entire student body." The people of a college community are too prone to overlook the transgressions of the college student. "Boys will be boys" they

urge and it would be wrong to repress the natural outbursts of pent up spirit.

The pranks of students are seldom vicious, though often violations of law. Until some real damage has been done to either person or property the civil authorities are content to overlook the pranks and ascribe them to the overflow of animal spirit.

"There are two schools of discipline," says the same article, "one of repression and the other of regulation." If "regulation" really regulated student outbreaks then it would be preferable to the harsher method of repression. But, strange to say, the college-law breaker does not always receive the *regulative* suggestions with the best of grace. As an example of this we cite the recent experience of our Centenary Faculty with the students, who persisted in firing giant crackers within the college buildings. If after the suggestion method had failed, the repression method had been adopted, and the guilty parties fined before the town authorities, the desired end would have been accomplished.

Fortunately there are fewer instances in this country of the civil authorities having to interfere with student activities than in either France, Germany or Russia. In Europe revolutionary movements are fomented in the great universities and interference there means an act of self defense by the existing government; here it means only the suppression of an ordinary and usually thoughtless breach of the peace.

THIS issue of our journal will be the last to contain the Literary Society Notes as a separate department. We recognize the fact that there are too many distinct "departments" in the make-up of the MAROON AND WHITE, so have added the reporting of proceeding of the two Literary Societies to the duties of the Local Editors. Messrs. W. L. Doss and B. B. Taylor, editors respectively of the Franklin and Union Departments, have been retained as Associate Editors.

In this issue of the Maroon and White is published one of the medal winning orations of last Commencement. "The Noblest Work of God is Man" is the product of the fertile brain of "Medalsome" Harper, whose articles have frequently been published in this magazine before. Mr. Harper has achieved considerable success as an orator, and we take great pleasure in publishing his masterpiece.

The end of things has a sadness for ye editor. To think that old familiar faces will be seen no more, to call up in the mind the kaleidoscopic view of past events, of dear friends gone forever, is enough to bring a tear to the dry eye and a sob to the most stony heart. December is intended as a *resume*, so to speak, of the preceding eleven months. Then it is that the merchant's heart is made glad by the brisk trade, that the wheels of industry whirl merrily throughout the length and breadth of a happy and prosperous country.

The school boy shouts with joy at the anticipated freedom. Pictures of holly, the Christmas tree bedecked with everything to fill one's heart's desire, and the modest mistletoe with blushing maiden underneath flit through the mind. Happy boy! May Christmas and joy and merry fun and sweetheart always fill the same big place in your affections that they do now. But alas! too soon the cares and responsibilities of manhood take the place of pleasure and happiness, and you will awake some crisp Christmas morn wishing you were a boy just once more so you could feel the thrill of another rush to the fireplace to see what old Santa Claus left for you.

Lest we moralize we must remind ourself that we live today. To its friends the Maroon and White extends happiest greetings and a sincere wish to you for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. May your heart ever grow younger, enjoying life greater at every successive Christmas.

In Memoriam.

Hamlin G. Lumpkin died November 25th, at the home of President H. B. Carre. He was born in the year 1882 in the State of Mississippi. When a boy his parents moved to Tennessee, where his boyhood days were spent; later the family moved to Columbus, Mississippi, whither his remains were sent for burial. He entered Centenary at the opening of the session of 1901–2. While he was with us, he was esteemed very highly by all the members of the Faculty and was well thought of and respected by his fellow-students. He was faithful in the performance of all his duties. In all his classes, he stood among the best, his average grade for the session of 1901–2 being the highest made in the Fitting School. In the Literary Society and in all Christian organizations of the College, he manifested great interest. At an early age he professed religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was afterwards called to the ministry. While at Centenary he volunteered his life for service as a foreign missionery. All who came in contact with him were impressed with the seriousness and intensity of his life, his nobility of purpose, and his earnest endeavor. In nis death Centenary has lost a firm friend and an able and zealous student; the church, a consecrated worker.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE FACULTY.

Whereas, Our allwise Heavenly Father has taken from our midst the soul of our friend and brother, Hamlin G. Lumpkin, and we no longer enjoy the warm fellowship of his presence and the inspiration of his active and consecrated life, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as his preceptors, are conscious of our great loss and deplore the fact that we are deprived of his help and influence in our endeavors to promote the ends of righteousness.

Resolved, That we submit with humility and resignation to this dispensation of our Father who errs not; and that we invoke upon the sorrowing loved ones of our departed friend the tender mercy and sympathy of the Infinite Friend.

Resolved, That we find comfort in the consecration and purity of the brief career so recently brought to a close and point his fellow-students to the many fine points in his character.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes.

HENRY BEACH CARRE,
CHARLES N. LYNCH,
ROBERT PAINE LINFIELD,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENT BODY.

Whereas, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our friend and fellow-student, Hamlin G. Lumpkin; therefore be it

Resolved, 1st, That by the death of Hamlin G. Lumpkin we have lost one who was most highly esteemed as a friend, as a noble character, and as a conscientious and thorough going Christian.

Resolved, 2nd, That we, the members of the student body of Centenary College, express our appreciation of Mr. Lumpkin's character and worth, and do most heartily sympathize with his bereaved relatives.

Resolved, 3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be published in the MAROON AND WHITE.

R. H. MERCER,
STUART G. NOBLE,
LEWIS J. BASS,
J. T. NABORS,
W. L. DOSS, JR.,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas, It has pleased God, in His Almighty Providence, to remove from us, on the 25th day of November, 1902, our beloved friend and brother, Hamlin G. Lumpkin, be it Resolved, by the Union Literary Society:

1st. That while we fully realize that the will of God is ever for the best, yet we being bereft of one so dear to us, deplore, with submissive grief, our loss.

2nd. That we well know that our loss is irretrievable and that one greatly esteemed, as a member, officer, and upright character, and one essential to the welfare of our Society, has been taken from our midst.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be recorded in the archives of the Union Literary Society, and a copy of the same be published in the College paper.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

W. L. BYERS,
E. L. MILLER,
S. G. NOBLE,
Committee.

ALUMNI NOTES.

J. L. Scales, '92, is now a practicing physician at Alden Bridge, La. He studied his profession at Vanderbilt Medical School. We understand that success is attending his efforts.

Miss Carrie V. Schwing was a member of the class of 1900. During last year she has been offered a place in Edward McGehee College and in the Methodist College at Port Gibson, Miss. She desired to be nearer her home and has recently accepted a position in the High School of Slaughter. She has a wonderful mathematical mind, and her teacher in mathematics once said about her, that she was the best woman mathematician he had ever known. That is saying a great deal, but he knew whereof he spoke.

T. Sambola Jones, '76, is one of the leading newspaper men of Louisiana. He is a leader in political thought, and as we read extracts from his paper we find that he is nearly always on the right side. At all events he has reason on his side. He is

doing a great work in educating through the columns of his paper, the popular mind on political issues. There is a great need for such work as his in this State.

In 1898 the writer had the privilege of listening to the alumnal address by Hon. T. C. Gordon, '74, now of Dyersburg, Tenn. Mr. Gordon was reared in Jackson, La., and when he came to Centenary to address the alumni, he took for his subject, "Home, Sweet Home." The address was one of the most pleasing and forcible, if not the most pleasing and forcible the writer has ever had the privilege of hearing. He spoke of his boyhood days and his college days, Then he touched on the changes and recalled the dear departed faces in such tender eloquence that there were few dry eyes in the audience. Mr. Gordon is practicing law in Dyersburg and has been honored by his fellow citizens with a seat in the House of Representatives of Tennessee. Mr. Gordon is an alumnus that Centenary has reason to be proud of.

R. H. McGimsey, '82, was for quite a while a member of the Faculty of Centenary, and upon his resignation was made a member of the Board of Trustees. He still loves old Centenary, though of late he has not been seen on the campus.

Joseph Hampton Slaughter, 1900, has received the appointment as assistant in the Shreveport hospital. Dr. Slaughter has been a student at Tulane Medical School since he finished Centenary.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Again the Association has sustained a great loss in the death of Bro. Hamlin G. Lumpkin. He was carried away within a few days after he was confined to his room. Faithfully in

those short days our members attended and nursed him, doing all but taking the place of his absent loved ones.

His was a consecrated life, one devoted to the cause of his Master.

During the time he has been among us, he has done nothing that would cast a reproach upon himself, and in the Y. M. C. A. he has devoted the full energy of his vigorous young manhood and Christian zeal to the work.

Death is ever sad, and especially the death of the young, but when an immortal spirit goes home to God it is glorious, and in the case of Bro. Hamlin we can but exclaim, "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Sunday, November 30th, President Carre addressed a good audience in the hall. There were a greater number of boys out that afternoon than usual to listen to the earnest words of our President.

Sunday, December 7th, Prof. R. P. Linfield addressed us in words that set us to thinking on our ways. Again there was a good attendance, and the outlook is very encouraging.

We can now hope that a large audience will assemble every Sabbath afternoon to hear the appeals of our consecrated instructors and Y. M. C. A. leaders.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

We are very forcibly reminded of the fact that Christmas is drawing near, by the booming of the cannon crackers and by the

popping, sputtering sound that comes from different places in town and especially on the campus.

One of the "Preps." has at last learned to give the ablative case of the irregular verb *sum*. This is wonderful; no telling what a "Prep." can do when he tries.

We were very much surprised and shocked to hear a dignified Senior offer as a definition of mirage the following: "Mirage is a sort of sleeping mood."

Prof. C.: "Mr. Prosser, what is the organ of seeing?" Mr. P.: "The ear." Prof. C.: "What then is the organ of hearing, Mr. Prosser?" Mr. P.: "The olfactory nerves."

One of our special students wanted to know if lead could be turned to gold by treating with an acid.

We were delighted to have Mr. W. Riggs, one of the former students of Centenary, with us during the week. He thinks Centenary has changed quite a good deal since he was here, but still it is old C. C. for him.

The President was called to officiate at a wedding the latter part of last week. Two hearts were made happy by this trip and we extend to the couple the hearty good will of the staff of the MAROON AND WHITE. The President has since returned.

Mr. Claiborne Fullilove has been on the sick list for the last few days, but we are glad to say he is convalescing.

The Union Soeiety had a very interesting debate on the 8th of the month, which was contended very hotly on both sides. The affirmative side gained the question.

We deplore the loss of one of the noblest and most upright characters of the student body. He was one of the best of scholars and was always ready to do his part, never shirking duty. He was an example which all would do well to follow.

Quite an
young folks of Jac.
Thorpe. After many in
served. The parting time ca
going to his or her room carried na
day of November, 1902.

The Centenary Glee Club is to give an entertainme
Bayou Sara very soon we believe, and we feel sure it will be a success. Quite a large number of new pieces have been added to the old list, and now they have quite a large reportoire.

The Franklin Institute is to have a public debate in its hall Monday night, December 15th. This was to have been two weeks ago, but was postponed for certain reasons until this date.

We were pleased to have Prof. and Mrs. Northcutt with us in the mess hall Thanksgiving day. We hope to have them with us again in the near future.

...gazine'' of October has two
...version of the Fox and Crow story
... possesses marked ability in that line.
...e head... 'Are Examinations for the Greatest Good
...tudents,'' is discussed a question of great importance to all college students. Some good points against examinations are brought out in this article.

''The Southwestern University Magazine'' is one of our best exchanges. The November issue is filled with good essays and stories. The poem entitled, ''The Narrow Way,'' also is well executed. ''Municipal Corruption'' shows study and thought. This question is one which is often before the public eye at the present time and the students of to-day, who will be the leaders of to-morrow, should so train themselves that this state of affairs will not come up under their rule.

"The Reveille" of November 27th bewails the fact that the Literary Societies at the Louisiana State University are in a very bad condition, in fact they are dead at that place. It seems that this important branch of a college education is on the wane in nearly all our colleges. This is a deplorable fact and one which we should strive to change. The literary society is, next to the regular studies, the most important department of a college and it should not be neglected.

"The Whitworth Clionian" is one of our neatest exchanges. The magazine is one of which the young ladies of Whitworth should be proud.

"The Southwestern University Magazine" and "The Tulane University Magazine" are the latest additions to our exchange list.

Union Literary Society

The Union Literary Society has lately had the honor of securing as a member Mr. I. Sweeny. Mr. Sweeny ts a fine fellow, and we welcome him into our society.

The first meeting of the Union Society since the last issue of the Maroon and White was held on the evening of November 15. Attendance was exceptionally good. As this was the time for the election of officers, the regular debate was done away with, and we proceeded to the election. The following were elected: President, R. H. Harper; Vice-President, B. B. Taylor; Critic, W. L. Byers; Secretary, S. G. Noble; Assistant Secretary, H. G. Lumpkin; Seargeant, J. D. Reiley; Monthly Orator, B. B. Taylor; Semi-monthly Orator, W. L. Byers. With the above officers we are sur
governed.

Our society has suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. H. G. Lumpkin. Mr. Lumpkin was one of our best members, and we realize that in his death we suffer a loss that may never be replaced. But believing that God in His divine wisdom does everything for the best, we humbly submit to His will.

The Union Society has purchased two beautiful lamps, which are quite an addition to the hall.

The first public debate of the season was held in the Union hall on Monday evening, Dec. 8. Mr. Noble, one of our youngest but most brilliant members, acted as president, and quite distinguished himself with his smooth flowing welcome address. Mr. Noble called the house to order at eight o'clock, and after prayer by Prof. Northcutt, delivered his address. The secretary then read the question and we were ready for business. The question debated was: Resolved, "That compulsory education should be adopted by the United States." The affirmative side was supported by Messrs. Byers, W. L., and Harper, R. H.; the negative by Miller, E. K., and Taylor, B. B. The defenders of the negative made a desperate effort to uphold the United States in her present system of education, but their argument was overpowered by the strong reasoning on the affirmative.

While the judges were deciding the outcome of the discussion, and the audience and speakers were waiting in anxious suspense, they were made to forget the debate by the sweet strains of music so well rendered by members of the Glee Club.

Franklin Literary Institute

We have had several good meetings since the last issue of the MAROON AND WHITE went to press. The Franklin editor

tires of simply reporting the meetings of the society, still he is at a loss to know what else to say.

A new set of officers now directs the affairs of the Franklin Institute. The various offices are filled as follows: W. G. McDonald, president; A. K. Doss, vice-president; J. T. Nabors, secretary; J. T. Gildart, assistant secretary; —. —. ————, corresponding secretary; L. J. Bass, treasurer; J. I. Cates, monthly orator; Fred Cox, semi-monthly orator; W. L. Doss, Jr., critic.

When installed president Mr. McDonald made an appropriate address, thanking the society for the honor conferred upon him, and outlining his policy. As a part of his policy Mr. McDonald stated that it was his intention to enforce rigidly the by-laws and to uphold the constitution.

Mr. Raynham, of Bayou Sara, has lately become a member of the Franklin society. He shows by the way in which he does his duty when placed on for a debate or an essay that he will make us a good man. He favored us with a good essay on Cooper's Indians several meetings since.

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Jackson, La.

Maroon and White

Vol. 3. JANUARY, 1903 No. 5.

Character Studies in "Macbeth."

Macbeth is one of Shakespeare's greatest characters, and one concerning which most contradictory statements have been made. What is Macbeth's natural character? Is he a man from whom such awful crimes might be expected had he not been acted upon by outside influences? These are the two great questions to be answered in the discussion of any subject bearing to any great extent upon the character of Macbeth.

In a study of Macbeth's character before the slaying of Duncan it is found that his is a character made up of enviable attributes. He is a loving husband, a good general, a faithful subject and a man of a kindly disposition. Can such a man uninfluenced by outside agencies be conceived of committing a crime so heinous as Macbeth's murder of Duncan, his liege lord and near kinsman? It is hard to believe that Shakespeare intended to make of Macbeth any such character. The natural Macbeth is shown when in Scene 7, Act I. he wishes to thrust aside the crime and speaks of the honors that have lately been bestowed upon him. But there is also an element of weakness in his character, and to this weakness can be attributed Lady Macbeth's influence over him.

What was the character of Lady Macbeth? Hers is a character concerning which statements equally as contradictory as those about Macbeth's character have been made. She has been painted both as a monster and as the next thing to a saint. She is more than Macbeth's partner in crime; she is also his relentless driver to crime. Although this is true, yet Macbeth makes the

choice for both. He first had the motive. This is plainly shown in the first clause of line 32, Scene 5, Act I., "And yet woulds't wrongly gain."

If the motive to crime is not first present with Lady Macbeth, is she not rather the noble character that she has been painted by some, and not the arch fiend that she has been painted by others? Granting that she is not the first to think of using foul means, which is not altogether probable, is she to be looked at as a woman who took upon herself this crime simply out of love for her husband, and for no other cause than that he might be advanced and raised to regal honors? This is what Heine says; this is the view that Franz Horn takes; and such is the Lady Macbeth that Madam Stich represented at the Court Theatre in Berlin. Is this the real Lady Macbeth? No, but rather a creation of their own into which these persons have laboriously and vainly attempted to distort Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. She can not be dressed in the garb of a noble creature. Such a dress does not fit well upon her.

What then is her real character? It is that which Mrs. Siddons has delineated and which Story sums us as follows: "She is the imperious, wicked, cruel wife of Macbeth, urging her kind-hearted husband on to abominable crimes. * * Devlish in character, violent in purpose, she is the soul of the whole play; * * ; a fiend-like creature, who, having complete mastery of Macbeth, works him up to madness by her taunts, and relentlessly drives him on against his will to the committing of his terrible crimes. Such is the character of Lady Macbeth, and such is the woman with whom Macbeth must deal."

Now what of the crime? Who first conceived it? This is obscure. But it is of minor importance and will receive little attention. If the conception of the crime had been Macbeth's or Lady Macbeth's it is equally certain that the other would have known of it and been partner in it. The committing of the crime is the all important thing.

That the conception of the crime is now done with the committing of it is to be discussed. What is Lady Macbeth's part in

it? It is the mastery that Lady Macbeth has of Macbeth which leads him to commit the crime. Knowing that she wonld share her husband's lot, she wants Duncan out of the way in order that Macbeth might be elevated to regal powers. She is a vain woman and one who cares nothing for the means by which she may obtain her ends? She finds Macbeth desirous of becoming king and that quickly; but knowing him as she does—that he would shirk from the committing of such an awful deed—she determines that he must commit it. In Act I., Scene 5, lines 18–25, she says:

"Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it."

Lady Macbeth's influence over her husband and her wicked, scheming character is shown in Act I., Scene 5, lines 24–29, and in Act I., Scene 5, lines 38–54. This last passage is almost enough to convict her of the planning of the whole crime. But Macbeth speaks of Duncan's intention of leaving in the following suspicious words: "To-morrow, as he purposes."

A close reading of Act I., Scenes 5 and 7 cannot but convince me that Macbeth uninfluenced by his wife would not have killed Duncan.

What is Macbeth's part in the killing of the king? It cannot be doubted that with him the motive—the desire to be king—originated. Here comes in a psychological phase of the question, and the only thing in favor of the argument that Macbeth uninfluenced by his wife would have murdered the king. Psychologists say that the continued contemplation of a deed results in the committing of that deed. But in the case of Macbeth all the evidence goes to prove the direct opposite. Macbeth's relation to the crime is well expressed in the words:

"Thus thou must do it, if thou have it:
An act which rather dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone."

He wants to be king and wishes Duncan out of the way, but he fears to kill Duncan. The more he thinks about it so much

more does he rebel at the thought of murdering the king. Left to himself he would have gotten further and further from the crime than when at its first conception. The sad thing of the whole play is that he was not left to himself, but urged on by his wife until he is one of the greatest criminals in literature.

Macbeth's contemplation of the crime and its results is clearly set forth in the first part of Scene 7, Act I., and his sober, cool decision concerning it in lines 31–35 of that scene. Here Lady Macbeth begins her taunts which drives him to the committing of the murder. At the close of Scene 7, Act I., Macbeth is wrought to the point where he is ready to assassinate Duncan; still the blood-thirsty woman is afraid that her husband will give it up, so she prepares everything, leaving nothing for him to do but to thrust the dagger into Duncan.

This is the beginning of the ruin of a noble man—a man so accustomed to truthfulness that he feels compelled to check himself in his first falsehood—a man whose conscience, up to this time, has not been throttled. Macbeth's real part in this horrible crime was simply the thrusting of the dagger. Lady Macbeth's part was to urge her husband on and make him use the dagger, also to prepare for its use in the most satisfactory manner.

W. L. Doss, Jr.

A TRIBUTE,

(From an Illustrious Pattern.)

DEDICATED TO THE SENIOR CLASS BY ONE WHO LOVES THEM.

For a month I've fondly courted
Every muse that man has known,
But they will not hear my wooing,—
Make me go it all alone.

So I'll quit these stubborn muses
And just start out like a man,
Finish up my classic poem,—
Simply do the best I can.

Listen to my song, ye Seniors.
Listen, all ye friends, I pray,
For there is a world of pathos
In this dedicated lay.

I shall sing of wars and heroes,—
Wars where goose eggs are employed;
And the heroes that we worship
Of all glory are devoid.

For, though *equites* of valor,
They all fiery steeds disdain,
And on *ponies* have depended
Youthful triumphs to obtain.

We've a man for every calling
That a god or man could make,
And I often stop and wonder
What vocation Bluch will take.

Mack will surely be a lawyer
If he ever learns to lie;
And I think, from former records,
That he'll get there bye and bye.

I have often pictured Lewis,
As I looked into the face
Of a pretty Chinese idol
Worshipped by the heathen race.

True, he hasn't the expression
That you always see therein,
And he cannot claim their beauty,
For he looks like home-made sin.

When I think of little Billie
Doomed to plow and sow and reap,
So intent upon his calling
That it will not let him sleep,

I can fancy that I see him
Jumping o'er the back-yard gate,
While his spouse, with broom and shovel,
Mad, pursues her henpecked mate.

We have only one like Fayette;—
I regret we have no more.
Though he's sometimes misanthropic,
He is solid to the core.

Jim can love a whole camp-meeting—
Or a female school at least—
And I think his great ambition
Is to be a Mormon priest.

He is quite a handsome fellow,
But could not be called a dude,
And the hearts of lovely maidens
All along his path are strewed.

And what can I say of Levi,
With attenuated form
And a heart as soft as marble
That's proportionately warm.

I am sure he is predestined
To adorn the hall of fame.
If we judge by what they call him,
He already has a name.

I might mention Red and Gildart
If I only had the room,
But the finest trash is often
Left behind the newest broom.

Nelson's gone new worlds to conquer,
For he triumphed over these
That revolve around this center,—
Mighty warrior, Ramerses!

Now, my friends, I have exhausted
All the catalogue of fame,
All the names of our immortals;
Though my tribute's rather tame.

So, let's lay aside our joking
And take back each word I've said,
For our Seniors are good fellows
And to wound them I'm afraid.

I can see, near the horizon,
A bright star for everyone;
And the tributes that I've paid them
Were, of course, just meant in fun.

Boys, you've made a splendid record
And you have inspired our pride.
Take, we pray, our hand and promise
That whatever may betide

You will cultivate the talent,
That is yours, with all your might
And protect, as 'twere your honor,
The nobility of right.

A College Boy's Troubles.

CENTENARY COLLEGE, Nov. 27, 1902.

Mr. L. B. Rivers, Duck Hill, Miss.:

My Dear Uncle Lewis—I have been so very busy since I have been at school that I havn't had time to write to any one, but as this is Thanksgiving, and we have holiday, I will write you a few lines.

How is Aunt Janie and John and Ruth, and all the children? I guess John and Ruth have been having big times since they finished school. I long very much to see you all. It seems like ages since I saw you last. Have you been hunting lately? Are there as many squirrels in your woods now as there used to

be? I wish I was there so I could go hunting with you and John, instead of staying here and studying my eyes out. We used to have such big old times together, and I do love you and John and all the folks.

I am beginning to think that going to school is'nt so much fun as I thought. I used to think that it would be awfully nice to go off to school where I could play base-ball and foot-ball and tennis all the time, but I find that, here, it is all work and nothing else, for me. The teachers give terrible long lessons, and I have to study until twelve o'clock every night to learn them. It does look like they would have some mercy on a fellow once in a while. Every time I hear from papa he just says, "Study hard my boy and make a man out of yourself, you will be a great man some of these days." He never seems to think that I want to have any fun. He never does send me any money. Its just study, study, study all the time, and I tell you, Uncle Lewis, I am getting tired of it. I study hard all the time and never get anything for it but a few kind words. Kind words are mighty good in their place, but they wont do for everything. When I write to papa and tell him that I am studying hard, and doing well in my classes, and ask him to send me a little pocket money, he says that a boy off at school doesn't need any money, that it isn't best for me to have any, and says that our greatest men are men who didn't have any money when they were school boys, and then he ends up by saying, "Study hard my boy and make a man of yourself, and when you have finished school you will have plenty of time to spend money."

I don't mind studying if I can have a little fun between times, but I don't think that all work and no pleasure is good for any boy, do you Uncle Lewis? Nearly every week there is some kind of amusement here, and all the other boys go and take their girls, and have a big time, and because I havn't got any money I have to stay in my room and study or read.

Uncle Lewis (but don't you ever mention it) I and Jack Carter, one of the boys, are both dead in love with the prettiest and sweetest girl in Jackson. Whatever you do, don't let papa

find it out, because he has peculiar notions about such things. He says that a boy ought not to look at a girl until he has finished school. He forgets that he ever was a boy. You remember you told me how much he used to go with the girls when he was a boy. It does look like papa would think of these things and treat one different. I think he is awfully hard on me.

Now really, Uncle Lewis, she is the prettiest and sweetest girl that I ever saw. She has the prettiest brown hair and the prettiest blue eyes and the fairest complexion that I ever saw. She is just the right size and is as nice as she can be. I tell you she is what you would call a "*peach*," and I believe she likes me too, for she "does like she does."

My rival seems to have all the money he wants and is always sending her candy, and taking her to the concert, and taking her buggy riding and all such things as that, and because I han't got any money, I am powerless to help myself. Uncle Lewis I am afraid that if things remain this way long, Jack will get ahead of me, and then I am sure I can't study or do anything. Last Friday evening when I saw Jack riding with her behind two beautiful black horses, he looked like he was as near heaven as he ever wanted to get, and she was laughing and talking as if she thought a whole lot of him I became sick at heart and went to my room and tried to see if I couldn't think of some means by which I could help myself out of this difficulty, and then I thought of you, how good you had always been to me, and I said to myself I will sit down to-morrow and write to Uncle Lewis and tell him all about it, I know he will help me out.

Now Uncle Lewis you have been a boy once and you know what it is to be off at school and "dead in love" without a cent. I tell you it is something awful. If you will send me a few dollars my gratitude to you will be something that I cannot express in words. If you were a poor man I wouldn't ask you for it, but I know that you wouldn't miss a few dollars and they would be such a great help to me in my present condition. I tell you "I have got it bad," and if I don't get some relief I am going all to pieces. I am trying to be a good boy and am doing everything

that I think is my duty, and some day, when I become that great man that papa is always talking about I will pay you back every cent of it.

I am sure that if I had a little money to back me I could get ahead of my rival. But money is "the stuff," and Uncle Lewis please send it, for I am bound to have it, and I am going to depend on you.

Now as it is getting late and nearly all the other boys are in bed, I guess I had better close for this time. Give lots of love to Aunt Janie, John, Ruth and the children and keep a big portion of it for yourself, and write soon and send the money to

Your devoted nephew,

ROB. WONBROW.

Maroon and White

Vol. 3. JANUARY, 1903 No. 5.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE JOINT LITERARY SOCIETY OF CENTENARY COLLEGE

WALTER G. McDONALD Editor-in-Chief.
J. C. ROBERTS, Alumni Editor.
R. H. HARPER, Y. M. C. A. Editor.
W. L. BYERS, Local Editor.
A. K. DOSS, Exchange Editor.
W. L. DOSS, JR., and B. B. TAYLOR, Associate Editors.
R. H. HARPER, Business Manager.

Subscription price 50 cents per year. All business communications advertisements to be inserted and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on application.

Matter intended for publication must be handed to the Editor-in Chief on or before the 5th of the month in which publication is desired.

JACKSON, LA., JANUARY, 1903.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

EXAMINATIONS, the college student's worst bug-bear, are upon us as we go to press. "These are the times that try mens' hearts." At this time a man shows what is in him. Altho' many objections may be brought to bear upon our system of examinations the time is not ripe for any radical breaking loose from the present plan. When college men learn to put their hardest work, to concentrate every energy upon their studies, then, and not until then, will examinations be done away with.

Even if a man has done satisfactory work upon a subject examinations can be made a great help to him. If his object is

to *thoroughly* learn the subject, the questions asked will show him where he is weakest and thus give him a chance to learn perfectly this part.

"TOMPKIN'S Hired Man," a farce in three acts, will be presented in the College Chapel early in February for the benefit of the MAROON AND WHITE. The play will he presented under the direction of Mr. R. H. Harper, who is assisted by some of the best local talent. This well known play is full of comic and ludicrous situations, with enough of the grave to vary the monotony and sometimes give a serious turn to the drama. A treat is promised all who attend.

THE MAROON AND WHITE Waltzes, dedicated to Centenary College of Louisiana by Miss Maude Alice Ball, of Alexandria, La., is a beautiful composition and one which every student of Centenary should hail as such, and as the music of our dear old Alma Mater. The melody is sweet and pleasing, beginning in a soft uncertain way, like a half-forgotten lay, then increasing to a full and rich harmony, and ending with full rolling chords. The composition is good and reflects much credit upon Miss Ball. Miss Ball is an accomplished musician, and is now in Cleveland, Ohio, pursuing her studies. Every student should have this piece. The Business Manager will gladly show anyone a copy of it at any time. The title page is attractive in college colors and a picture of the main building in the centre.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Hon. R. J. Bowman was graduated from Centenary in 1841. He is a member of the celebrated Winans family, well known as pioneers in Methodism ot Mississippi and Louisiana. Mr. Bowman's early boyhood days were spent at Old Centreville, Miss. After finishing the course at Centenary, he became a partner with Colonel Hardie in a law firm in Clinton, La. He remained in

Clinton for a number of years, but later made his home in Alexandria, La. He was for years District Judge. Mr. Bowman is a type of the ante bellum Southern gentleman. The genial and polished manners and open hospitality of the old South characterize him—the Chesterfieldian manner is his. While he has retired from active life, he works a great deal among his books and, it is said, spends from eight to ten hours daily in his library. He has a special love for the classics, and there are two books, the Bible and Cæsar's Commentaries, which are always to be found on his table, from which he reads daily. He writes a greal deal, not for publication, but for his own pleasure and satisfaction. His is a life well spent and one Centenary delights to honor.

We note from the "Southern College News" of The Picayune that Prof. S. Carter Schwing has become a member of the faculty of Spencer's Business College of New Orleans. For many years Prof. Schwing was connected with the Shreveport High School, and for the last year and a half has been book-keeper for the Armour Packing Company at Shreveport. Prof. Schwing is a Centenary man who has made no small reputation for himself in the school world, and has reflected much honor on his Alma Mater.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Col. T. Sambola Jones in Baton Rouge during the session of Louisiana State Teachers' Association. He expressed himself as still having a great love for old Centenary. Col. Jones is a representative of the progressive spirit of Louisiana.

Prof. D. D. Cline, '98, has a very flourishing school at Greensburg, La. Dan is a bright fellow, the first honor man, and is deserving of success.

Rev. C. W. Carter, D. D., '55, has been appointed to First Church in Baton Rouge, La. Dr. Carter is one of the best, if not the best preacher in the Louisiana Conference, and the members

of the First Church should consider themselves fortunate to be favored with such an appointment.

Rev. C. C. Miller, '82, visited Jackson during the first week of January. We are glad to welcome him among us.

The officers of the Alumni Association should begin to devise ways and means for having a full attendance at the next regular meeting in June. An attempt should be made to complete the fund for the Alumni Cottage. Only a few hundred dollars will be needed. Let us have a grand meeting next Commencement and show our interest in our Alma Mater.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Statesville College Magazine is dressed in a very attractive cover, which is an argument in its favor, but this is not all, as the substance of the magazine is good. The article on "Shakespeare's Use of Authorities" in Macbeth shows study and thought. The article on Warrior Women and the fiction of the paper are also good. The December issue is No. 2 of Volume I., so considering its age we think this one of our best exchanges.

The December issue of the Mississippi College Magazine contains two good essays, "A Protest Against War" and "New Era in Dixie." The Review Department of this magazine is conducted especially well.

The Southwestern University Monthly has been changed to the Review and Bulletin of the Southern University. The reason given for this is that they were unable to publish a respectable monthly. We think that if the rest of the issues are as good as the first, the Review and Bulletin will be a complete success, and will take a high place in the college magazine world.

The articles, "Should the Negro be Disfranchised," in the December Southwestern University Magazine, and "Separation of the School Fund," in the December Milsaps Collegian, have attracted our attention as showing that college men have begun to realize that the Negro question is the most important question in the South to-day. It will be an easy matter for the white people to settle this question forever by giving themselves and their children a good education, and thus removing entirely every doubt of the superiority of the whites over the blacks.

The Tulane Medical College has recently received a large endowment. This will place Tulane among the first of the medical colleges in the United States, as it will be able to build new and larger buildings and also establish a hospital of its own.

The exchanges received since the last issue are: The Aurora, The Mansfield Collegian, The Review and Bulletin, Mississippi College Magazine, and Statesville College Magazine.

A green little Freshman in a green little way,
Some chemicals mixed, just for fun, one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.
—Reveille.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

(Written after a visit to the grave of Jefferson Davis.)

And high above the murky stream
His body lays at rest supreme,
Out-looking now, as e'er
In life's too strenuous strife of day,
On valiant sons and daughters gay,
Of Southern cavalier.
We hear, not water's rush alone,
Nor breakers dashed against the stone
That lashes them to spray.

Then comes the spiteful voice of hate,
To seek as prey the names of great
And gallant men in gray.
Sleep long and well, immortal soul,
Spite's voice nor hate can reach the goal
Where Fame thy name engraved;
But let thy claim be famed, not might
Nor power be, but that the right
Thou soughtest, aye, aye, and saved.
—R. K. M., in Randolph-Macon Monthly.

Our Profs.

BY X. Y. Z.

We got a prof., his name is Carre,
He came from Germany far away.
Refrain: Aw! aw! Johnnie, come drink on me.

We got a prof., his name is Lynch;
He teaches German and a little bit of French.
Refrain.

Munsey, Munsey, is from Tennessee;
But he went to Texas his girl to see.
Refrain.

Biscuits hard and batter-cakes tough,
Thank you 'Fesser Upton, but I got enough.
Refrain.

John C., John C. is very Sligh;
If he couldn't go to Mansfield I think he'd die.
Refrain.

Northcutt, Northcutt is tall and slim;
But I tell you it don't do to fool with him.
Refrain.

Look at! Look at Harral's head;
I am sure you will find it very very red.
Refrain.

Linfield, Linfield sure as you are born,
Sitting on a fence on a frosty morn.
Refrain.

Reaser, Reaser surely runs hard
Whenever he passes graveyard.
Refrain.

The road to the asylum with danger is fraught
But that don't stop Jethro Vaught.
Refrain.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

George Zenor, a promising young lawyer, and a graduate of Centenary, spent a part of his Christmas vacation in Jackson, with friends.

Prof. C. C. Miller paid Jackson a visit and was persuaded to preach Sunday night in the Methodist Church. He is an excellent preacher and one always enjoys his sermons.

Rev. Mr. Coleman, pastor of the Methodist Church, was at the Y. M. C. A. service Sunday evening. We are always glad to see any of the town people who are interested come to our Sunday evening services.

Frank Adams was in Jackson during the Christmas holidays. He was one of Class of '01, and won great distinction on Field Day of that year.

The boys who went home for the Christmas holidays, have not all returned. May be studies don't appeal to them as of much importance, or probably there are attractions at home. This

won't do boys, we have a good many attractions in Jackson, and it is time you were getting back to work.

Mr. Devill is the first "fresh fish" to arrive since the holidays are over. We hope to see others soon.

Dr. J. A. Wall was home to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents. He, it will be remembered, was a member of the Class of '95.

Jackson seems to have been very lively during the Christmas holidays if we may judge by the manner in which the boys who were so unfortunate as to be unable to go home, enjoyed themselves.

We were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mr. John Thoms, who was a student of Centenary at the time of his death and had just gone home to spend the holidays with his parents. It seems that some ill-fate has overtaken Centenary, depriving her, in the last six weeks, of two of her most diligent students, two of the most upright in character, and two who were loved by all who knew them. Both had chosen the ministry for their life-long work and were striving hard to prepare themselves for the work.

Old Father Time, while passing with feeble steps from the old year to the new, dealt the clouds a blow with his mighty scythe and deluged the earth with such torrents of rain that it appeared as if it were Noah's flood on a small scale. This heavy waterfall prevented some from returning for the opening on the second.

The Centenary Athletic Association held its regular monthly meeting on the first Monday of January and transacted its regular business. The attendance was very small, owing to the large number of members who have not yet returned. Among other things, a law was passed forbidding any playing on the tennis court unless players are shod with tennis shoes.

The Franklins held their regular public debate Monday, the fifth of January, which was very hotly contested on both sides, but the affirmatives won the day. The question debated upon was, "Is the South doing her duty towards the Negro?" The

house was entertained with music while the judges were making the decision.

All of the members of the Faculty who went home or to see—well never mind whom—have returned, and express themselves as having had a delightful Chistmas.

Mr. W. G. McDonald spent Christmas day with friends in Wilson.

Bass would like to know where Beltcshazzar is and what well-known man lived there?

We don't know whether to look for Protozvan's return or not. Very probably he is "fossilizing."

"Sheep" came Saturday and was very lustily cheered when he put foot on the College campus.

Messrs. Gordon, Holcombe and Oran Clark, medical student, of Tulane, spent Christmas in Jackson.

A Christmas tree was given by the Methodist Sunday School on the 26th of December. Santa Claus handed out many pretty things to the eager children.

W. L. Doss, Jr., informed the Senior Bible class that Babylon was the capital of Ninevah. This is a *mistake* we feel sure if Mr. Doss did say it.

Prof. C.! "Write what you know of the tendinous sensation." Mr. T.: "Is that a technical name?"

John Allen Thoms.

The subject of this sketch was born twenty-two years ago near this place. His boyhood was passed on his father's plantation near Jackson. A model son, brother and friend, he was loved and respected by all who know him. His life was a constant reflection of his early training. A truer Christian never lived.

After his high school course had been completed, he entered Centenary at the beginning of the first term this session. Mr. Thoms chose for his life-work the ministry, and all his magnificent energies were directed to that end. Altho he had not yet entered

upon the active ministry, his life and deeds were a constant sermon. Christ was preached in his every action.

At the close of college for the Christmas holidays our friend was in the best of health. Strong and robust, his death was a sad surprise to his many friends. But death comes to us all. Mr. Thoms' life was one which points us to higher things. Let us follow his example, and death will be robbed of all its terrors to us.

Among the resolutions passed by the student organizations are the following:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Whereas, Almighty God in His omnipotent wisdom and mercy has seen fit to take from our midst our friend and brother, John A. Thoms, be it Resolved by the Y. M. C. A. of Centenary College:

First—That by the death of John A. Thoms we have lost one of our most faithful workers and a true, upright, Christian friend, who was loved by all with whom he came in contact.

Second—That, while by his death we have lost a most conscientious member, we know that God in His infinite mercy always does what is best, and we do deplore our loss with submissive grief.

Third—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy be published in the MAROON AND WHITE, and a copy be spread upon our records.

A. K. Doss.
W. L. Byers
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst and transplant into the Heavenly Kingdom our beloved friend and brother, John Allen Thoms, therefore be it Resolved:

First—That while we are deeply grieved at this dispensation of Providence, we humbly bow in submission to God's will, knowing that some day we will know its wisdom.

Second—That we commend his Christian example to the students of this college, as one worthy of imitation. He was noble in character, upright in walk and conversation, prompt to do his duty, and loved by all who knew him.

Third—That a place has been left vacant in our old Union Hall which will be hard to fill, but we will work the harder for having known him.

Fourth—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy be published in the college paper, and a copy be spread on the archives of U. L. S. W. L. Byers.
S. G. Noble.
Committee.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Most of the young men of the Association went home to spend the holidays, but the majority of the earnest workers have returned. Our President, Mr. W. L. Doss, spent the holidays at home in Gueydan, La., but he has returned and is again at his post.

But alas! there is one missing; the circle is not complete, for one whom we had loved as a faithful Christian man has passed away—our friend and brother, John Thoms. But the grand Association of Heaven has received him and he now dwells among the blest and sings with the choir immortal around the throne of God. He was a young man of pure life, a dutiful member of the Association, and no man could say aught against him.

President Henry Beach Carre addressed the Association in the afternoon of the first Sabbath of the new year. At this meeting Mr. Doss called attention to a book which had just been placed in the library, and expressed the hope that all members would read it. Our library is large and well selected, and abounds in books that are of great benefit to members of the Y. M. C. A. if read. Brothers of the Y. M. C. A. it is for you; this good library is at your disposal; why not improve your spare moments by reading the books of reference, of history, and the masterpieces of literature that may be found on those shelves. Our obliging Librarian, Mr. Wm. Byers, is familiar with the books, and can upon application furnish you with books on almost any subject.

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Vol. 3. APRIL, 1903. No. 8.

Dreams of a School Boy.

As I lay upon my hammock
Dreaming sweetly of the past
And the night it's dismal shadow
O'er my soul had gently cast,

Making all within my chamber
Quiet as in the realms of Death
Till my soul in deeper slumber
Sank into a sweeter rest,

I beheld a ghastly monster
Moving wildly o'er my head.
"Who art thou?" I asked him quickly;
He in answer to me said:

"I am Hate, the king of Trouble,
And I reign in the hearts of men,
I'm the cause of each disturbance,
Cause of each and every sin."

Long we sat and talked together
Of his kingdom dark and wild,
Of the black and hideous monsters
That his spirit had beguiled.

In his realm he said was darkness,
Black and wild and fierce and drear,
And each soul that lived within it
Was harassed by constant fear.

78-20

"Will you come?" the monster asked me,
As he rose to leave the room,
"Will you come and be my subject
In the land of death and gloom?"

"No," I answered, "I abhor you,
For you wish to damn my soul.
I will never be your subject
In the realm of death and cold."

When I said this he departed
To his ream of death and Hell,
And I pondered o'er this vision
That to mortals I might tell.

While the thoughts were swiftly flying
Through my weary troubled mind,
I beheld a dream more lovely,
I beheld a dream sublime.

As I lay there sweetly sleeping
With no thought of fear or dread,
I beheld another figure,
Waving gently o'er my head.

All at once my room grew lighter,
As the figure gently stirred,
And the air was filled with music
Like the angels sing above.

Then the figure ceased it's waving
Gently o'er my troubled head,
And it came and sat beside me
On my swinging hammock bed.

On its robes were blushing rubies
And its hair did shine like gold,
In one hand a rod of ivory
Pointed back to days of old.

Then the music ceased its sweetness,
Ceased from floating o'er my head,
Then I turned to the figure
And to it I gently said.

"Who art thou, most lovely fairy,
Tell me quickly or I die."
"I am Love, the queen of Heaven,
And my home is in the sky."

"But my realm is not in Heaven,
It is here among all men,
In each home, each town, each village,
In each heart that's free from sin."

"Will you come and be my subject
In the land of Peace and Love?
Will you come and join the music?
Sung by angels far above?"

"Do you wish to live and prosper?
If you do just hear this word:
'Come and live within my kingdom,
Live within the realm of Love.'"

As it spoke the figure vanished
From my sight and from my door,
Followed by a thousand angels
Singing Love for Evermore. —WM. BENNETT.

Polonius.

Polonius is, in the truest sense of the term, a hanger-on of the Danish court. He has no visible means of support. It is very possible that at one time he had been one of the wisest councillors at the court, but now he is verging upon his second childhood and is not by any means the man that he was formerly. Dr. Johnson says, "He knows not that his mind was once strong and that it has become weak." He lives almost entirely in the past. His speeches, as Hudson says, have prefaces that introduce nothing. He is full of worldly wisdom, but is not able to use it successfully.

This is not all. He is without those higher principles which one might expect to find in a man of his age. The plans he

gives to Reynaldo, by which Laertes is to be detected, are as low and mean as one could imagine a parent making against a son. It seems much like there could have been a more honorable way of finding out Laertes. His continuous suggestions of eavesdropping turns one away in disgust.

So far as reasoning is concerned, he is utterly lacking. He is not able to plan successfully the simplest occurrences. Some of his plans and conclusions would be ridiculous were it not for the seriousness of the subject. With it all, Polonius' plans are eagerly seized upon by the king, who is in great fear of Hamlet and cannot understand him. It is somewhat laughable to see how two men of Polonius' and the king's age are put to their wits' end by a youth like Hamlet. Still, it is the natural result.

These men have been deceivers so long that they fear the least move on Hamlet's part may disclose their guilt. Whether Polonius knew of the king's crime or not, is a question. It is highly probable that he did not know anything about it. No allusion is made to this in the play. This question is left entirely to the imaginatiom of the reader.

As a father, Polonius shows the usual traits. He dotes upon his children, but fears that Laertes is deceiving him in some way. He seems to think Laertes is not capable of taking care of himself, and that he is somewhat inclined to be "prodigal." This accounts for his attempting to say so much in so few words when Laertes is leaving for France. Here he is found wandering off and philosophizing, giving a lot of advice that is really no advice to Laertes. His type is often met with. Polonius' love for Ophelia causes him to act in no extraordinary manner. Here he shows another characteristic of men of his type. Like a great many parents, he is over-particular concerning his daughter's love affairs. He wants to do the best thing for Ophelia, and in being particular he becomes too much so. To him Ophelia is maidenly perfection, and Hamlet must be kept from her because she is not yet old enough to make her choice coolly. The case turns out as such love affairs usually do. Polonius finds out too

late that both Hamlet and Ophelia are in love. Polonius' doting simplicity is pitiful.

When Polonius attempts to fathom Hamlet's character he makes an utter failure. It is not at all possible for him to know Hamlet, by whom he is looked upon as a silly old babler. Hamlet makes great sport of him, leading him on and entangling him in all sorts of meaningless discourses. His dialogues with Hamlet always result in his coming to the conclusion that Hamlet has some kind of strange and supernatural wisdom. This he attributes to insanity, Hamlet is by far the more sensible of the two, and continually traps the silly old man.

Not a single one of Polonius' plans turns out as he expects it to. His scheming and his deceiving finally result in his death. His life is low, and his death is the tragic outcome of such a life.

W. L. Doss, Jr.

The Alphabet of Centenary Immortals.

BY MILTON.

A is for Akers, a slick little chap,
Who has brains in his heels, but none in his cap.

B is for Bass, who got in a passion
When he heard that long noses had gone out of fashion.

C is for Charley, our dear katy-did;
In brains he's a man but in size quite a kid.

D's for tne Dawsons; you can't call them low;
Their summits are wrapped in perpetual snow.

E is for E. K. of Chesterfield type;
Though he's now somewhat green he will some day be ripe.

F is for Fullilove, and, girls, listen here,—
If his ways do not charm you, 'twill be very queer.

G is for Gildart, the man from Shreveport;
He boycotts his studies and lives like a sport.

H is for Hoffpauir, the Mexican horse,
The kind that is sometimes called *mustang*, of course.

I is for Ivy,—as Sweeney he's known—
Who turns very red when you mention "down town."

J is for Jocko, our modern Jack Sprat;
Let us hope, when he marries, his wife can eat fat.

K is for Keller, for brevity, Bill.
The C. H. A. fellows will find a pill.

L is for Linfield and dear brother Lynch.
If you fall in their classes you wont have a cinch.

May is for May, his red head and all,
Who, with wonderful skill, to left field threw the b—b—ball.

N is for Northcutt, a la Dawson in shape.
If he gets on your track, boys, you'll hardly escape.

O is for Odom, wood-chopper expert.
He'll be Gladstone the Second some day, I assert.

P is for Prosser, our laundryman Joe.
He has hopes that some day he will be quite a beau.

Q is for quarrelsome co-eds quite queer,
Quarantining themselves so the boys can't come near.

R is for Riggs, our dear possum boy—
A beautiful fellow, forever a joy.

S is for Sharman who thinks he's a beaut.
He's too utterly too,—oh, he's awfully cute.

T is for Taylor, Ben Brown is his name.
If he loses the medal again, it's a shame.

U is for Upton, our chief commissary,—
He's meek as the lamb that to school followed Mary.

V is for Vaught, as a flirt he's a daisy.
For some reasons, I think he will surely go crazy.

W is for Walter who looks like a poet
But has no more gifts in that line than a go-at.

X is the grade that the poor preps forlorn
Never get, but nice goose eggs their records adorn.

Y is yourself, pray don't turn loose your curses
Upon the poor rhymster who scribbled these verses.

Z is for zero, a popular grade
That often by Seniors in Bible is made.

A Feline Serenade.

Silently the shades of evening had tucked their mantle down over a certain village not many miles away. The hand on the clock had registered the midnight hour and was slowly making its way toward the hour of the rising sun.

In a certain house of this village was heard sweet music, as it floated from the parlor to the room above. In the room below could be heard a cry like that of a human suppressed by fear, calling to some one in the other room, and for awhile nothing could be heard but a noise like unto the rustling of leaves in an autumn breeze.

When, suddenly, forms of ghost-like appearance came from the several doors, and like a band of departed spirits that have just come from their respective tombs to meet in a common meeting place to parley before making their march toward some haunted place. These gathered, parleyed for a moment, and then started on their noiseless march down the stairway, and as they slowly descended, the mice that were out on their midnight revels scampered away in fright to seek some haven of safety. The crickets, even, sought their holes in fright, as they were passed by the ghostly band.

This special band made its way into the parlor, and then down through the hall by a gentleman's bed-room, who, being awakened by a mysterious feeling, peeped out a partly opened door. In an instant he closed it, going back to bed, and pulled the cover over his head and complained of the biting cold on that summer night.

From the hall to the dining room this band went, and as

they left the CAT made his exit in post-haste, preferring the damp atmosphere of the yard to that of the house.

When again this band was seen it was back at its starting place, and as the moon peeped through the windows one could see in the hands of each sticks, brooms and staves, and on each face could be seen a determination to murder the one who dared to intrude on those premises at that hour of the night, even if he did play a selection from Faust on the piano.

A dark cloud covered the moon, and nothing more was seen of that mysterious broom brigade. SPECTATOR.

A Bicycle Saunterer.

The following account, given me by a friend who is a *soi-disant* "bicycle saunterer," is an account of a trip taken by him a summer or two ago up through the country, starting from Nashville. I consider this story his *chef-d'œuvre.* Here is the story:

"I left Nashville, where I had been attending college (Vanderbilt being my *alma mater*), on a morning in July. After bidding my friends *adieu*, I started.

"My first day out was very pleasant. I made good progress and was not at all tired, having stopped at noon to take a *siesta.* Next day, though, progress was rather *incertain*, as I lost the way. Everybody whom I questioned seemed to take me for an *idiot* or an *ignoramus.* At last I managed to get back to the right road, and that, too, by following the directions of one who seemed to be something of a *crank.* About midday of my third day out I arrived at Mammoth Cave, my first objective point. Immediately upon my arrival I went into the cave with a guide who was carrying dinner to a couple of exploring parties already in there. We soon met the larger of the two parties at Echo River. Let me describe the costume, that was *a la mode.* They were all dressed in a sort of overall suit, made of coarse gray cloth. The

ladies' suits looked very much like bloomers, coming only to the knees. Now, let me describe the person who attracted my special attention. She was past middle age, very fat, and most strangely attired for such an expedition as this. She had on a *celluloid* collar, a white tie, a *nobby* little hat and patent-leather, low-quarter shoes. In fact, she looked very *distingue*. But her *bogus* finery was fast getting to look *tawdry*. She was a great *talkist*, and it wasn't long before I knew all about her, and I didn't *quiz* either. She was Mrs. Van der Holt, *nee* Van Block, and wrote under a *nom de plume*, so she said. *Parvenu* was written all over her.

"The guides soon came up with the boats, and we all got in and started on our trip down the river. The top of the cave was very low in places, and as we passed under these places it seemed to *disgruntle* the fat lady, who thought it *unexcusable* that she must be compressed within such close quarters. After disembarking, we continued our journey toward the end of the cave. At the end of an hour or more of walking, we stopped for a rest. We had scarce seated ourselves when one of the young ladies got up and began to *orate* to the crowd. It was a burlesque *campaign* speech, full of such terms as *Socialist*, *Fenian*, *Anarchist*, *Nihilist*, *Mugwump*, the *shibboleth* of the enemy, the *palladium* of our liberties, and such like. This oration was greatly enjoyed by us all, and the beautiful orator retired amidst tumultuous applause. This was scarcely over when we heard the *stentorian* voice of the guide calling to go forward. We went on for awhile longer, when some of the party began to get very hungry, and asked the guide how long it would be before we were to get dinner, and were told by him that there was another party in the cave, and that we would *rendezvous* at Washington's Hall and there have dinner. A few minutes later we got there, and it wasn't long before the other party came up. While we were waiting for dinner to be announced I was *tete-a-tete* with a young lady with whom I had managed to get acquainted since leaving Echo River. I had helped her over the rough places as we came along, and she showed her gratitude by being just as *cute* and nice as could be.

She talked with great *currentness*, and was also something of an *interviewer*, too, for it wasn't long before I had told her all I knew and more besides. She talked about herself and a friend that had come with her. It seems that they both were *employes* of Dow & Co., of Louisville, Ky., she being a *typewriter* girl and stenographer and her friend the *telephone* girl. She then told me that she and her friend belonged to the Business Woman's Club there. She told me how the club conducted its meetings, how many were necessary to constitute a *quorum*, and that the club had a gymnasium and that she had gone in for *athletics*, and much more that I don't remember. Judging from her talk—and she never stopped talking—she seemed to be very much of an *optimist*, nor does it seem that she could have understood how any one could be a *pessimist*.

"At last dinner was announced. I escorted my companion to the nearest table (a large flat rock that served the purpose admirably), and showed her to a seat. My companion proved herself to be as good a *waitress* as she was a talkist. She helped me to the turkey, *alias* chicken, the cheese, crackers, cakes and butter, alias *oleomargarine*, and to everything else. Of course I was as gallant as possible, and kept her well supplied.

"After dinner the crowd amused itself by forming a mock court and trying different ones for various offenses. The court immediately issued a *mandamus* commanding my typewriter girl to appear before it, and answer to the charge of entrapping an unwary stranger and stealing his most precious possession. She was found guilty, as charged. Next, an *affidavit* was sworn out against a *swell* young *dude*, charging him with being an *agnostic*, and the *fiat* went forth that he was to have his head soused in a nearby pool. After this performance his doubts were all dispelled, at least so far as the chilliness of the water in that pool was concerned. Next, a vile *cabal* was formed against me by certain members of the party, and I was brought to trial, charged with some terrible crime, but managed to prove an *alibi*. Immediately after this we started again. This part of the trip was much more interesting than the first part. We saw many *unique* sights, too

numerous to mention. As we advanced the way became more and more difficult, and I thought that I would have a time of it with my typewriter girl, but was mistaken; for here it was that her athletic training showed. She was able to climb and to jump from boulder to boulder with all the ease and *sang-froid* of an *acrobat.* She showed *gumption*, too, knowing just where to trust herself, and so escaped without accident. Others of the ladies didn't fare so well, as many of the rocks were loose, and would roll and slide at the slightest touch, and all of them were wet and slippery. One sad *casualty* amused me very much. One of the ladies, being near a large, flat rock, thought that she'd like to come down on it—and she did so, but not in the way she would have liked to. The rock was very slippery, something in the nature of a *toboggan* slide, and as she stepped on it she came down on it. "*Ugh!—ouch!—oh!—the Dickens!*" *quoth* she. Some one gathered her up out of the *debris* that had rolled down with her, and set her on her feet again. After crossing the Rockies and kissing the Blarney Stone, we started on our return trip to Echo River, stopping only to look at some queer looking inscription that much resembles a *rebus.* After this we hastened on out and up to the hotel. It was very late when we reached the hotel, but notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, *soapine* and water were used liberally before retiring.

"Next morning I met my typewriter girl out on the gallery. She had a severe cold, caused by the dampness of the cave. In my ignorance I advised her to take a dose of *belladonna*, at the same time quoting the old saying, "An ounce of *preventive* is worth a pound of cure." After a bit, we walked down to the little curio shop, and after talking to the *saleslady* awhile, we bought a few things to add to the typewriter girl's collection of *bric-a-brac.*

"Sometimes I can't help but have a suspicion that that girl thought she had struck a *bonanza*, and was taking advantage of it. But who can blame her?

"I drove to the *depot* in the *omnibus* that evening, and as I bade her *goodbye* I asked for and received permission to call when

I should get to Louisville, and she promised that there would be a *kirmess* in my honor when I did get there.

"That same evening I left Mammoth Cave on my way to Louisville. The county just around the cave is little better than a *wilderness*, and the people seem ignorant and *misaffected* toward any cizilizing influence, and sometimes they get on a *rampage* and no one's life is any too safe. It seems that my bicycle was about the first ever seen in that part of the country, as the children would *skedaddle helter-skelter* if I happened to come upon any of them suddenly. These people have a very peculiar *patois*, or dialect, which I will not attempt to describe. That night I stayed at a house where there happened to be a Methodist preacher and his wife visiting. They prayed and preached until the mistress of the house went to sleep on the floor as they prayed. Suddenly she roused up and exclaimed, "*Hallelujah!* but ain't it time to go to bed?" Next morning the master of the house called me aside and showed me a *coupon* that came out of a package of tobacco. He thought that it might be valuable.

"I continued on my journey toward Louisville, arriving there a day or two later. The same evening I looked up my typewriter girl, according to agreement, and spent a very pleasant evening with her. I met her two brothers; one a *blase*-looking young fellow, and the other a rough-looking fellow of unpleasant countenance that showed he had not established a *boycott* against the saloons near, and he also looked as if he might like to *bulldoze* a fellow. I also met her sister, a *spirituelle*-looking girl, all dressed in white, with just a *soupcon* of color here and there. The typewriter girl said that this sister was her *protege*, and was a girl of *sterling* qualities. My typewriter girl showed me an *item* in the paper, telling about the *hegira* of the Business Woman's Club to Mammoth Cave. About this time I was commencing to think that Louisville would be a very pleasant place in which to *locate*. My typewriter girl could talk about anything, and was explaining something about *phonography* to me—which subject interested me not at all—when the door-bell rang. A minute or two later the servant brought in a letter addressed to the typewriter girl.

It contained a *cablegram* from a cousin in England, telling her that he'd be home on a certain date. This aroused my suspicions, and I teased her until she admitted that *on dit* she and her cousin were to be married. Such was the grand *finale.*

"Next morning I resumed my journey northward, a bit sadder, also a bit wiser. Boys, did you ever chase an *ignis fatuus?*

H. L. DEVALL.

Maroon and White

Vol. 3. APRIL, 1903. No. 8.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE JOINT LITERARY SOCIETY OF CENTENARY COLLEGE

WALTER G. McDONALD Editor-in-Chief.
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R. H. HARPER, Business Manager.

Subscription price 50 cents per year. All business communications advertisements to be inserted and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on application.

Matter intended for publication must be handed to the Editor-in-Chief on or before the 5th of the month in which publication is desired.

JACKSON, LA., APRIL, 1903.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Removal of Centenary.

THE newspapers have acquainted us with the fact that again a movement has been set on foot to remove Centenary to Shreveport. Several times before this the same project has come before the people, but has proved unsuccessful. This time the people of Shreveport started the movement, and are, at the time we go to press, considering what can be offered the College in case it be removed to that city.

Shreveport, with its characteristic energy and foresight, sees the good which will come to it by having located in its midst this historic institution, and has gone to work in earnest to make an offer large enough to secure the College. An institution such as this means much to any city in morals, intellect and in a financial way. A college or university in a city is more potent as a center of refinement than any other factor.

The change would benefit not only Shreveport, but also Centenary. Although Centenary has passed a long, influential and honorable career at Jackson, it seems that the fates have decreed that no longer shall it prosper here. A town, removed as it is from the outside world, was once regarded as an ideal place for an educational institution, but in this progressive age the fact is recognized that a college needs something beside quiet, refinement and removal from worldliness to make it successful. Jackson, it is regretted, is far removed from "the madding marts of trade," and has fallen into such a state of "innocuous desuetude" that only the lover of the ideal, sentimental or beautiful in nature and woman finds attraction therein. Many sacred ties bind the College to the beloved old town, and the most painful thing connected with the removal of the College will be the severing of these ties.

Shreveport, on the other hand, is a hustling, wide-awake, modern city, which can offer every inducement in progressiveness. A city of 30,000 inhabitants and having eight railroads, it occupies a very prominent place in the commercial and business world. It would also make an excellent place for a college because, for a distance of two hundred miles in every direction, there is no institution of education having as high a standing as Centenary. Preparatory, Normal and Industrial schools are located near, but they cannot fill the place of the College. Taken all in all, this city is very nearly an ideal location for the College, and we hope such inducements will be made as to make the transfer profitable to the College.

THE article, "A Bicycle Saunterer," was written by a mem-

ber of the Sub-Freshman Class, for the purpose of showing the usage of a number of foreign, archaic and obsolete words. Those words in italic belong to one of these classes. Every word in the list furnished is given a place and the correct usage is shown.

HURRAH for base-ball and the Centenary gang! In the words of the immortal Jackson, "We'll beat them next time!"

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

Frank Adams, 1901, made his alma mater a visit a few days ago. While here he showed his interest in the workings of the College by attending a number of the classes. Mr. Adams is a popular young teacher. He expects, however, to study Electrical Engineering. We feel sure that he will make a success in his chosen profession, as Mr. Adams always did well whatever he attempted.

J. A. Cason, '85, was in Jackson a few days ago. He is now living in Monroe, La., and is following the calling of the "Knight of the Grip." Mr. Cason made us feel that he still loves the dear old College.

It is the wish on the part of the local Alumni that a great number of the old students and graduates attend the Commencement exercises this year. The Alumni should bestir themselves and raise the money needed to build the Wiley Cottage. A more appropriate memorial offering could not be made, for Prof. G. H. Wiley labored faithfully at Centenary for about fifty years. It is very fitting that we show our love and respect for our beloved Prof. Wiley, and at the same time assist the College in its efforts to carry out its noble work.

Rev. C. C. Miller, '82, has been in our midst for about ten days. He is here on a business trip, attending to his landed interests near here. We are always glad to welcome him among us.

Dr. Frank Parker, Presiding Elder Baton Rouge District, a former student of Centenary, is in Jackson holding Quarterly Conference. Dr. Parker is one of the bright lights of Methodism in this State. It is always an inspiration to hear him and to be associated with him.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The exchanges received last month were Southwestern University Magazine, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Reveille, Tar Heel, Olive and Blue, Statesville College Magazine, The Carolinian, Mississippi College Magazine, Milsaps Collegian, Tulane University Magazine, High School Record, Aurora, Whitworth Clionian, College Reflector, and The Industrialist.

The latest issue of the Tulane University Magazine is very good. The first article is a strong piece on "The Sugar Industry in Louisiana." This industry is discussed extensively, and the possibilities of its future development are brought out plainly. "The Reveries of a Mirror" and "The Influence of Reading" are also especially good. This magazine this time found the happy medium between solid matter and fiction.

The Mississippi College Magazine for March contains a good poem, but the remainder of the magazine is not so good. There are not enough essays and pieces of fiction in it. The departments take up too much space.

The March issue of the Aurora contains a great many short stories, besides essays and poems. The article, "The Greek Idea of the Future Life," is a good discussion of future punishments and rewards as shown in Grecian mythology. "Old Roller's Friend" shows us how much one may become attached to an inanimate object.

The Statesville College Magazine has in the Literary Department two essays and a piece of fiction. The essays are good, but the fiction is not, although it shows up very well the vacillating character of the negro.

The Carolinian contains an amusing article on "Rich Relatives." The disadvantages of rich relatives are well shown. After reading this piece we no longer long for millionaire uncles and cousins. "The River of Time" is a good and original piece. "The Parson and the Lady" shows some of the trials and temptations of a young minister. The departments of this magazine are well conducted.

Who hath moaning? who hath woe? who hath lamentations in the flesh? Verily, it is the student who endureth examinations. He sitteth up till the wee hours of the morning in anguish and a balbriggan suit, and crammeth that he may make a pass. The next day cometh the hour of his martyrdom. His face waxeth hot and he becometh sore afraid. Yea, my son, it is then the student hath no joy in his existence, for he hath no more show with the Profs. than a clawless cat at a dog show.—Southwestern University Magazine.

At a table in a hotel
A youth and maiden sat;
They didn't know each other—
But what of that!
The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you seldom meet,
And passed it to the girl, saying,
"Sweets to the sweet."
She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked,
As she passed them to him, saying,
"Crackers to the cracked!" —Ex.

A Plantation Medley.

I kin hear de win' a-whistlin' roun' de corner o' de house,
An' de cow-bell a-ringin' in de lane;
I kin see de sun a-sinkin' in de far-away west,
While I listen to the nigger's sad refrain.

Ole Abel's fed de hosses an' Hannah's milked de cows,
An' de chickens am gone to roos' up in de trees;
Ole massa an' ole missus am a-sittin' roun' de fire,
While de logs goes a-humming like de bees.

Dere's a mournful soun' a-comin' from de woods across de rill,
An' de niggers am a-boltin' up de door;
I can see de moon a-creepin' slowly out from 'hind de hill,
An' de houn' dogs a-barkin' more an' more.
All de lights hab stopped a-flickerin', an' de rabbit's in de yard,
An' de fox am a-lookin' at de hen;
All de niggers am a-crouchin' in de corner ob de house,
An' de white man's a-sleepin' in his den.

—Randolph–Macon Monthly.

Omega.

He was dying, ah! so slowly!
He was sinking e'er more lowly,
And was thinking him but holy
Who was standing friend-like, saintly,

By that flitting home of clay,
From which fleeting life of day
Was now passing far away—
Friendship leaving grieving age.

One soul was gone; another, weary,
Of this world—so often dreary—
Cannot see e'en one smile so cheery,
Nor one soul which oft sincerely

By its gladness drove out sadness,
And did save from human madness
One which knew no bond of goodness
But from that soul which gave it fullness.

Friendship's was the tie that did bind
Soul unto soul, unlike in kind.
Blighting despond we all may find
The heritage by death defined.

—R. K. Morton, in Randolph–Macon Monthly.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

The officers-elect for the coming year have been installed, and they have entered upon their new duties. The various committees have been appointed by the new President, and nearly all the committees have held meetings, discussed and laid plans for their work. Several committees, such as the Fall Campaign Committee, have no occasion to meet as yet.

It has been the custom in the Association for some time past to invite ministers from the town and professors to conduct the devotional service on Sunday afternoon, thus leaving the only service really conducted by an Association man—the weekly prayer-meeting. The professors themselves pointed this out to the committee in charge, and asked that, while it is a great pleasure to them to be with us, we have more work done by the Association men themselves, as we are the men who should derive especial benefit. So the committee has arranged a program that extends to Commencement, providing for various kinds of services.

Last Sunday afternoon the Music Committee had charge, and a very entertaining and pleasant evening was spent, with congregational singing, and quartettes and solos on the part of

the choir. Mr. E. A. May rendered a beautiful solo on his violin. We were fortunate and pleased to have with us that afternoon Brother John L. Sutton, a former member and ex-President of the Association. He made us a good talk, and shows that his heart is still in the work for which he labored faithfully while in college.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

We are glad to see that one of our former graduates has decided to make a visit to his Alma Mater. Mr. O. F. Adams is a very prominent teacher in this state. We wish him every success in his position.

Some of the boys were so pleased with the idea of moving Centenary to Shreveport, that they began to pack their trunks and announced that they would be ready to go the next day. Maybe they expected to ride on "the large bird that would fly away with two wings."

The Centenary Glee Club gave a concert in Wilson on the 9th of this month. It certainly must have made a "rep," for the Manager of the Lyceum course asked one of our members, and also one of the members of the Faculty, if the Glee Club would not come over and give them an entertainment on their Lyceum course,

Centenary has played two of her series of games with other colleges and has lost in both. But woe to her conquerors when they come to Jackson.

Mr. S—"Prof., was Julia Cæsar a dago?"

Miss S to Mr. S—"They didn't have those sort of things in those days."

The clause "a dextra cornet," taken from Cæsar, was misconstrued by a member of the Junior class, who is taking intermediate Latin. Mr. P. said that cornet meant horn. The class all broke out in a big laugh and Mr. P. seemed ill at ease. So the Prof. told him to translate it "wing," and Mr. P. replied, "There ain't any more wings in an army than there are horns."

One of the students—"Port Gibson beat in the game she played with Centenary."

Mr. S.—"No she didn't either, C. H. A. beat."

Prof. J. C. Roberts, who is the chief character in Julius Cæsar?"

Mr. S.—"Antonio."

A dignified senior, becoming very eloquent, replied to one of his inferiors, "If every man in town said that you stole and really you didn't stole, what would you think?"

The Senior class has recently finished studying Hamlet, and during the study there was quite a heated argument on the insanity of Hamle t.

Prof. R. asked one of the young ladies the question, "What conclusion did you come to as to his insanity?" She answered, "I didn't touch on that question much."

Prof. R.—"You were wise."

She—That's what I know."

Miss M., "Will you give something about the Socialists?"

Miss M.—"That's about the anarchists isn't it?"

Mr. Miller—Which is the most truest one, in character, in the play?

Rev. John L. Sutton, a former student of Centenary, and at present Chaplain of the State Convict Farm at Angolo, was a visitor to the Campus recently.

After having been postponed for several times the Maroon and White benefit play was at last held on the night of the 13th inst. To say that every member of the cast filled his or her position perfectly is putting it mildly. That accomplished gentleman, Mr. D. M. Pipes, was the "star" of the evening. His perfect rendering of his part won the constant applause of the large audience present.

We wish to take this method of thanking all those who have so generously aided us, not only in preparation for the play, but in so liberally patronizing the production. Had it not been for the young ladies who so kindly helped us the rendition of the play would have been impossible.

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Longings.

Whene'er the crimson light in glory fades,
And leaves the western sky so drear and dark,
I wander with Kathleen among the shades
Of mossy trees in God's primeval park.

And when the angels from the parapet
Of heaven's jasper walls with gates of pearl,
The starry studded candelabra set
Above the orbit of our earth's mad whirl,

And when the moon with only half its side,
But dimly helps the many stars to light
The compass of our world so vast and wide,
As all its breadth is wrapped in robes of night,

I look into the face of my Kathleen,
And she so sweetly looks into my own,
With eyes that beam with soft, celestial sheen,
And in my heart her many charms enthrone.

And though I never can express my love,
In measure of mere words my dear Kathleen,
Unless I should obtain the speech above,
As rippling, sweet, as grace notes thrown between.

My eyes can speak my love that throbs for you,
For eyes are but the mirror of the soul,
And tell me darling, with those eyes so blue,
That you love me with heart as fond and whole.

—R. H. H.

The deep whistle of No. 44 awoke the midnight echoes, the headlight of an engine flashed around a curve, and the night Express thundered down grade with terrible speed toward the trestle that spans the swift waters of Tiger Creek.

The youngest and the most dare-devil, yet luckiest of those who held the throttles of the big locomotives on that line, was Jack Wild, the engineer, better known as "Black Jack" among his fellows, because of his raven hair, black eyes, and a beard, remakably heavy for a youth, which, as it could never be shaven so close that it did not show through the skin, gave to him an habitual dark cast of character. As to his family name, his mates affirmed that Wild's ancestors had endowed him with an appropriate one, for, though tame enough out of his overalls, when once he swung himself into the cab, he had no equal in point of fast running and the taking of desperate chances. To him, rushing by sleeping villages at lightning pace, across trembling bridges, looking ever at two radiant streaks that stretched away forever into darkness, grasping the throttle of a mighty, swaying engine, and holding hundreds of lives in the palm of his hand, was life endeed, life worth living.

The sooty fireman had just heaped into the glowing furnace a great load of coal, lit his cob pipe, with its stem, by actual measurement, an inch-and-a-half long, and settled with a good natured grunt on the left hand seat, when Jack uttered an exclamation of danger.

The fireman blew out a big cloud of smoke and looked quickly ahead.

They were nearing Tiger Creek, the great light had begun to reveal the objects about the near end of the trestle, and he saw distinctly a small child, seemingly aleep between the rails.

Evidently another life had been placed in the hand that held the throttle!

But in a moment, air breakes were binding wheels, that had been reeling off almost a mile a circuit of the second hand, and the engineer stopped his train just in time, somewhat suddenly, however, throwing the passengers around in their berths, and causing crabbed old fellows to swear at the engineer and the sudden stop.

The engineer descended from his cab, and the child, awakened by the noise of the train and the glare of the head light, put up his chubby arms, and a baby voice asked, "Papa, is 'at 'ou?" and a new feeling crept into the heart of Jack Wild.

He remembered his own childhood, spent selling papers for a scant subsistance, with a hogshead as a place to sleep, when he had longed to be an engineer, as he chanced to get glimpses into the wonderful cabs, admiring the carefully polished machinery, and almost venerating the soot-begrimed fellows who sat on the right, some with white or gray mustaches, some young and daring, like he himself now, and yes, a new feeling crept into his heart. Now he was called upon to be the protector of a babe as unfortunate as he had been, and a good guardian he made too, in the years that were to come.

"Yes, baby, come to papa," said Jack, and he swung himself back into the cab with the babe on his strong arm. A shriek of steam, and the roar of 44 died away in the distance.

So that is how it happened that Mr. Joseph Lane, capitalist and railway magnate, now distracted with grief at the loss of his only child, which had wandered the preceeding afternoon from their summer cottage on the bank of Tiger Creek, arriving at the trestle, while the rails still rang from the flying train, failed to find his lost boy, and somewhat after midnight he and his friends gave up the search, to renew it without success the following day.

As he turned face homeward, and, arriving, sought to comfort his weeping wife, away in the distance, old 44, ten minutes late, was belching a solid stream of flame, and the black eyes of Jack Wild gleamed with pleasure as they unceasingly swept the shining rails.

At dawn the long train slowed down for the draw-bridge in the suburbs of the City of X, and a few minutes later it rolled into the depot on time, and Jack Wild's long night ride was over.

At dawn, also, Mr. Joseph Lane and his friends renewed the search for the lost child. The child, as was afterwards supposed, had eaten some berries and stained his little jacket red with them, and then lost the jacket some way in the thick of the wood before he reached the trestle, for, soon after they had renewed the search, one of the party found the jacket stained crimson, and torn, no doubt, by briars. But as the wild scream of the panther was a common thing for that country at night, Mr. Lane and his friends, entertained no doubt but that the child had been devoured by some denizen of the forest.

The engineer put a short account of the finding of the babe in a newspaper, but, as the large daily sheets, printed away up town, and read there, hardly ever found their way into the shop regions, where men, always busy in day light, and tired out at night, would hardly had read them much anyway, the paper that contained it, was a local affair, little known outside of the City of X.

So, as the father thought his child dead, and the notice of Wild never reached his eye, the child remained the charge of the engineer, and the destiny of one life was changed.

The engineer had arranged with the kind, motherly old land lady, at whose house he lodged while off duty, to the charge of the child. The kind old lady's breast had beat with a motherly interest when Wild brought the beautiful little chap to her, his innocent face begrimed with the dust of No. 44 and the duty print of the engineer's hand on his dainty frock.

"Faith, and what hev yez, Meester Wild?" she asked, and then he told her the story.

"Shure it's the likes o' him, 'twill do me old soul good to kape," she said.

So it had been arranged, and the remuneration agreed upon, and Jack, glad to do a waif a good turn, smiled with satisfaction, as he once more turned the pilot of his engine in the direction of Tiger Creek.

As time went on, the child, who Jack, knowing of a necessity must have a name, called by his own, delighted the good old Irish soul of Mrs. O'Conner, while a handsome lady, living in a stone front of a distant city, was sorrowing her life away, and the silver streaks had come among the brown, for months and years had begun to pass since their only child had wandered on that fatal day from their cottage into the swamps of Tiger Creek.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Lost Chord.

A PAINTING BY G. VON HOESSLIN.

He sat as one entranced, robed in his priestly gown. His eyes had that vacant, meditative stare. The keys of the organ were touched and behold! a grand, solemn melody rushed out, bearing to his soul the sweetness of a great amen uttered in courts celestial. The Lost Chord had been found even though he had dreamed it through. The harmony seemed to linger as if both to cease, but finally found its way into the heart of the atmosphere. His hand is uplifted as if to touch the keys, but thoughts crowd themselves on the dreamer's mind. He feels the presence of angels—he hears their heavenly singing. How sweet is the chorus to the soul of the dreamer, and as the sunbeams find their way through the windows, he emerges from dreamland and a sweet rest has come to his soul. The chord is forgotten; its effect is with him. With sweet peace in his soul,

he moves about. Often he longs for the harmony of the Lost Chord, but contents himself with:

"It may be that death's bright angle
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen."

"For You."

Hilda Cameron sat alone in her room, her fingers playing with the leaves of her unfinished novel, and her face wearing an expression of dissatisfaction, that seemed very much out of harmony with her surroundings.

In the first bloom of perfect womanhood, with a willowy figure of a rather queenly type, Hilda was the superior of most women in point of physical advantages.

Her face was cast in a classic mould, clear cut as a camea, with its Grecian nose, firm and finely chiseled lips, and straight, delicate brows, the dark shade of which were in strange contrast to her wealth of golden hair. More beautiful than all were those eloquent eyes, that seemed to listen as you spoke, yet in their dark depths was the suggestion of smouldering fire.

The spoiled child of a widowed father, Hilda had been kept at The Great Oaks, with governesses and tutors, the only companions of her youth being her distant cousin Basil Uuderwood, and one Harold Leslie, the only son of a widow, who had been house-keeper at The Oaks since the death of Mrs. Cameron.

The years passed, filled with the tears and laughter of the three children. They loved as only children can, and as happy playmates they left the period of childhood, and were brought to face things more real, and their lives so closely knit, were soon to be separated so widely.

Basil Underwood entered college and was graduated with honor, while poor Harold received only a meager education at the hands of her mother.

At the age of sixteen, Harold had begun work for a very small salary, if a salary it could be called, but at the time of Basil's graduation, he had received the offer of a position of trust in a Western city.

So as Basil Underwood took ship for Europe, Harold Leslie took train for The Oaks to bid his mother good bye.

He had not been in the old home many days before he realized that something peculiar was creeping into his heart, a something more than his old love for a playmate.

The evening before leave taking, Harold and Hilda went to their childhood haunt of years ago. Under the great oaks they had built a rude seat, the three children together, and now two of those playmates sought that retreat, where they had read fairy tales and wondered.

Not a word was spoken, till Hilda had seated herself in her old accustomed place. Then lifting her large dark eyes, filled with tears, said: "Harold, don't you wish we could go back to the old fairy tale days and be happy children again?"

Harold's grey eyes grew softly luminous, mirrowing the great love that surged within him. "My beautiful queen," he murmured, taking both her hands, and gazing raptuously into her eyes.

He would have folded her in his arms, but that she drew slightly away from him, with a chilling suggestion of remoteness.

"Sometimes I have feared that it would be real madness to speak of my love for you, Hilda," Harold said at last, with a great quivering in his voice that only half betrayed the swift terror in his heart.

"Is there any special reason why I should say I think that way, if I don't?" she asked sweetly, her dark eyes smiling up at him with an irresistable charm.

A world of light was turned in upon a benighted soul. "O, Hilda," he whispered, and both relapsed into a silence that is more eloquent than words, a silence when the heart filled with its first great love, cannot express its feelings in mere words.

Long they sat silent, while the fading crimson and gold of the west, and the faint sweet smell of a flowering magnolia on the brook hard by, made all the world one great romance to them.

"I couldn't open my heart to you until this evening," said Harold in raptuous accents, looking down at the beautiful head that rested on his broad shoulder, "and indeed I don't know why I have spoken now; I never intended to do so; only, as I stand upon the threshold of to-morrow, it may comfort us both to know that the silence is broken. I felt that this evening belonged to me, Hilda," he said tenderly, his eyes seeking her face, "to-morrow will be farewell."

"We must not so much as even speak of farewell," Hilda said, trying hard to be brave and to smile, "time will bring us together by-and-by."

"Hilda," darling, so far you have lived in an ideal world of your own, you do not know life as I know it—as it is—I am glad that you do not yet," he said and paused, gazing yearningly at her half averted face.

"I am going out into the world to make a name, that I want you to share with me, and I want you to———" "Yes, Harold, I know all that you would say," she told him in a voice full of long pent emotion, "you want your Hilda to be a brave, happy girl, till you can come back and claim her as your own."

There were tears in her eyes as he took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, almost reverently.

Then he was gone, and all the prayers of Hilda went with him.

On this particular morning, she was dreaming of the passing year, and she wondered if she wouldn't miss Basil a little in the years to come.

Her revery was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Leslie, a slender, graceful woman of distinctly aristocratic bearing, in whose gray eyes lay the shadows of an unforgotten sorrow, and whose clinging black robes, and widow's cap revealed what the sorrow was.

"Hilda," she said in a low voice, "your Cousin Basil is in the parlor, wishing to see you." Hilda started in surprise. "I do not wonder that you are surprised," said Mrs. Leslie, "I was actually startled when I saw him, for I believed him to be in Europe. I think dear, you had better go down at once."

Basil was looking out of the window when Hilda entered the parlor; at her approach he turned to meet her, and extended his hand.

Returning his gaze a little coldy, it seemed she placed her hand indifferently in his. "I am glad to see you," she said, sinking into a low chair, in the nonchalant air that was natural to her.

"I supposed you would be Hilda," said Basil, in a voice that could not hide the disappointment at his welcome, in it.

He came and stood by her, and looked down at her with the same hungry, longing look, that had betrayed the soul of Harold to her before he spoke. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Hilda?" he asked reproachfully, "going to kiss your cousin who has been away two long years?"

"Why, no indeed, we are not closely enough related for that, Basil," she said in a rather haughty manner.

"Ah! Hilda, you make me happy, for now I can speak. If we are too distantly related to kiss, we are not closely enough to prevent my telling you how much I love you, and how I have longed since I have been a man to tell you that, and persuade you to be my own dear Hilda," he uttered passionately, with the light of great hope in his eyes.

A look of pain and sadness came over Hilda's beautiful face, now devoid of all pride. "O! Basil," she sobbed, "I am so sorry that I wouldn't kiss you, for, for, its all a dreadful mistake, O! I'm so sorry.

Basil's handsome face grew pale during this passionate outburst, but as he answered, his voice was very calm. "I understand, Hilda," he said, "and I don't blame you."

He arose to go. "O! Basil, do you understand?" she pleaded. "Yes, Hilda, I understand, and now I must go." O!

Basil, you don't have to go now, ain't this your home?" she pleaded, still more earnestly, laying a pretty little hand on his sleeve in a brave little effort to detain him, unconscious of the pain the bright gleam of a stone on one hand caused him.

"No, I can't stay any longer. Your Papa and I have had a misunderstanding, and this is no longer my home, so I can't stay any longer. I must go, will you kiss your cousin good by, for you may not see me again."

"O! Basil," she wept out, and put up her lips and threw her arms around his neck. Then with one great effort, he freed himself, and was gone, passing out forever from the home of his childhood.

Three years past; Harold and Hilda were married, and they set out on an extended tour, and after a week were waiting to take a train in a distant city. As the incoming train flashed by, the two failed to recognize the refined, but haggered face of the engineer, so broken and changed it was. It was Basil Underwood.

They were nearing their destination, when a strange awful thing happened. The train came to a sudden stop, then was heard a faint crash and the shrieking of steam.

The passengers rushed pell-mell from the train to hear how the brave engineer had saved their lives, how he had uncoupled his engine from the train and rushed it headlong into a loose engine that was tearing down the track toward them at a terrible speed.

Hilda and Harold were among the first to arrive at the scene of the accident, where a poor fellow, who had been dragged from beneath the passenger engine, lay, his great form, crushed and bleeding.

Hilda gave a scream of anguish, for the face was uninjured and very handsome in death. "O! Harold, its Basil," she said, in a voice filled with terror.

At the sound of that voice, the eyes of the dying man opened with a yearning look, and Hilda knelt down beside him, as the still glowing coals of the ruined engine, made a ghastly

picture in the night, of broken wheels, twisted iron and a dying man.

His right hand was crushed under him, but his left was free, and as Hilda tenderly and gently caressed it, all greasy and sooty as it was, his fingers closed over hers and clung to them.

His lips moved, but his voice was so low that Hilda had to bend down very close to catch his whispered words.

"I cannot last much longer," he gasped, "pray God it may be short—it was for you Hilda—I saw you waiting for the train —kiss me Hilda--just once—" Hilda kissed him sadly, and Harold held his chilly hand as his spirit passed. They bent to lift him, but Basil Underwood was dead.

Jean Pierre Lafitte.

In the year 17—, there was born in Bordeaux, in France, a man who was destined to play a great part in the romance of Louisiana. It is almost needless to say that this man was Jean Lafitte. His family was not of the wealthy class, so hearing of the great America across the ocean, he decided to go there and try to build up his fortunes.

With his brother Jacques he arrived in New Orleans, that beautiful and quaint city in the Land of Magnolias and Orange Blossoms, and opened a blacksmith shop at the corner of St. Philip and Bourbon Streets. In reality his shop was there for the exchange of smuggled goods. It seemed that he could have easily been caught, but the Creole people, smarting under the high import laws of unjust Spain, would assist him in his schemes instead of helping the Government to apprehend him. When the revenue cutters appeared on the broad bosom of the Father of Waters swift messengers would warn the gentlemanly blacksmiths and immediately the smugglers resort would be turned into a model shop, with the Lafitte's the most industrious workers therein.

This mode of life was continued until the United States Government took charge of Louisiana and pushed the pursuit of the

smugglers so persistingly that a change of climate was considered necessary for the health of the brothers. The cool, salty, breezes of beautiful Barataria Baysoon restored their health, and here they organized the band of pirates which made them so famous throughout the Gulf States.

In the swift little crafts they would run out into the Gulf of Mexico, capture a returning merchantman and return heavily-laden with their rich plunder. This was kept up until about the time of the battle of New Orleans. Just before this battle the British sent a committee to Lafitte, asking that they be allowed to land their men in Barataria Bay, and offering a large sum of money and a captaincy to each of the brothers if they would accept the proposition. Instead of accepting readily the offer they delayed their answer to the British, in the meantime sending to Gen. Jackson, warning him of the danger and offering their services in the conflict. In the battle of New Orleans we see that the British proposition was not accepted but that the brave pirates fought for the defense of their adopted country and commanded a very important battery. After the battle a full pardon was given to all the pirates on account of their gallant services.

Of the remainder of Lafitte's life very little is known. Some say that he settled in New Orleans, where he became a member of the first society, while others, discrediting this statement, hold that he sailed west, with a large part of his followers, immediately after the American victory. This later belief we hold to be true. Sailing west along Louisiana coast he came to a small river pursuing its sluggish course through the low Louisiana marshes. Up this river he turned, startling the tall, white, cranes from their sentinal like stalks along the banks of the circuitous Mermentau, and causing them to rise like a white cloud against the western sky, filling the air with their discordant cries of terror and alarm. He continued up this river, meeting only the long, scaly, alligators and big, black, turtles, sunning themselves on the logs, until he came to Mud Lake. Passing through this he entered what is now Grand Lake, that large and treach-

orous body of water which connects the upper and lower Mermentau.

At last the low marsh lands began to disappear and the banks of the stream to grow larger. Instead of sea-weed and marsh grass, the shores were covered with willows and stunted cypresses, and here and there could be seen the lowly hut of some lonely "Cajan" fisherman. A few miles further up the river there suddenly burst upon their view beautiful Lake Arthur in all its calmness and placidness.

They reached this place at night and the scene which lay before their tired eyes was beyond description. The soft Southern moon cast its silvery shadows over the calm waters, stirred only now and then by some evening zephyr, making them glow and glimmer like a million diamonds. While the infinite lamp of heaven suspended from the arched skys like chandeliers in some magnificient cathedral, seemed lighted only for their enjoyment, and to guide them to more pleasant and more peaceful pathways.

The next morning as the rosy-fingered Aurora flung open the pearly eastern gates, and golden haired Helios swept across the azure sky, drawn by his steeds of flame, Lafitte called together his men to consult concerning their further plans. After much parleying it was decided to go to the head of the lake and establish a rendervous there.

After this decision they continued their journey up the lake until they arrived at its head. Here they set up their first camp since leaving the Bloody Plains of Chalmette. After a few days they commenced the constructions of what is known in the neighboring country as "The Old Mill." The foundations and other larger pieces of this huge structure are built of great pieces hewn from the immense cypress logs near by, and are held together by wooden pegs, as nails were then unknown. The building is three stories high, and is surmounted by a small tower about two feet by fifteen feet. A watchman was always kept in this tower, and from his point of vantage he could command a view of the lake. Whenever he reported a revenue cutter in

sight, the piratical goods would be hidden and the pirates would be found busily sawing lumber.

This was to these rough men a heavenly existence, and while they became immensely rich, they had a great many narrow escapes from the "dogs of the law." On one occasion, while returning richly laden from a cruise on the gulf, they were sighted by a revenue cutter, and pursued so closely that to escape they were forced to go through Grand Lake, enter White Lake, and here at last to sink their vessel. The masts of the vessel can be seen there now at low tide and many have been the attempts to rescue the lost treasure from its watery prison. After the sinking of their vessel the pirates proceeded back through the trackless marshes to their rendezvous.

At another time a Government boat gave them such a hot chase that they could not stop at the rendezvous, but by it they went, up the Mermentau, on through that to Bayou Jue-De-Togue and up it to near what is now Cassinade. The other boat being a much larger one was forced to stop a few miles below the pirates so they knew that for the time at any rate, they were safe. But Lafitte's active mind soon extricated them from the difficulty. He summoned a large number of the "Cajan" natives and paid them for oxen and some of their large wooden-wheeled wagons. Upon these wagons he hoisted his ship, and very politely proceeded overland to the Vermillion River, leaving the revenue officers none the wiser.

After this adventure Lafitte decided to quit his wild life and settle down. So he secured about ten acres of land in a bend in Bayou DeCaine, and here built a neat cottage. Across this bend from one bank of the bayou to the other he built a high wall of pickets so that no one could get to him without his seeing them. Around his house he planted orange, and other fruit trees, and many flowers. Thus the remainder of his life was spent peacebly underneath the wide-spreading oaks, and among the orange blossoms of the beautiful Land of Evangeline.

The old mill now is inhabited only by bats, owls and mice, but it is said that at the midnight hour when all the world is en-

veloped in darkness, the handsome form of the Chevelier Pirate may be seen ordering his men about and living over again his old life.

HARRY BOUSSLAUX.

President C. C. Miller.

Rev. Charles C. Miller, was born in Jackson, La., almost within the shadow of that grand old institution, with which he has been closely connected for years, and to the presidency of which, he has lately been elected.

He was a member of the class of 1883, at Centenary College, taking a B. S. degree.

For several years he was a surveyor. He also taught several years, and he was at one time Principal of the Fitting School at Centenary, a position that he filled most successfully.

Eight years ago, Rev. Mr. Miller joined the Louisiana Conference of the Methodist Church, and since that time has served only two works, remaining four years at each.

When called to the place vacated by Rev. Henry Carre, Mr. Miller was pastor of the Third Street Church in Alexandria, La., one of the most important works in the Louisiana Conference.

A crisis in the history of Centenary College had been reached when Rev. Mr. Miller was called to the presidency of the institution, and it is believed that he will restore the College to its old time glory and renown.

Peculiarly fitting was it that such a man at such a time should be called to such a place, for he is the son of A. G. Miller, who was connected with Centenary College for forty years, beginning with the very year that Centenary became the property of the Methodists of Louisiana and Mississippi, and the nephew of Jno. G. Miller, a former President of this institution, in good old *ante bellum* days when Centenary had reached the zenith.

So, a true son of the old institution, and a man of great business capacity, and a man determined to do the right, with each

and every boy's interest at heart. Centenary must take on new life as indeed she is doing.

His work here was taken up at a disadvantage on account of the contemplated removal of Centenary, a movement toward which, he maintains a neutral position.

However, by his indomitable energy and unwearied efforts during the summer, he has attained a large number of new students all intelligent and fine fellows.

The opening this session was larger than has been for years, and the enrollment at the present time larger than in the past, a result traceable to the noble efforts of President Miller during the summer.

Maroon and White.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1903. No. 1.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE JOINT LITERARY SOCIETY OF CENTENARY COLLEGE

ROBERT H. HARPER, Editor-in-Chief.
A. R. HOLCOMBE, Alumni Editor.
S. HOFFPAUIR, Y. M. C. A. Editor.
H. L. DEVALL, Local Editor.
B. B. TAYLOR, Exchange Editor.
A. K. DOSS, Business Manager.

Subscription price 50 cents per year. All business communications advertisements to be inserted and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on application.

Matter intended for publication must be handed to the Editor-in-Chief on or before the 5th of the month in which publication is desired.

JACKSON, LA., OCTOBER, 1903.

EDITORIALS.

The Moving of Centenary College.

Centenary College has opened in the same historic spot, made sacred by the passing of time; where "the same bell swings to and fro," and the same old weather-beaten bricks are in the wall.

But Centenary College must be moved, we are told, and these massive and magnificent buildings must crumble to ruin, these lofty columns that flanked these towering buildings, venerable with age, must hereafter stand only as the grim, silent sentinels of the days of a forgotten glory, and the wide-spreading campus, green with the magnolia, oak and other forest trees, surpassed in natural beauty by none in the South-land, must grow up with unsightly weeds and scrub pine and echo the sounds of a primeval forest.

Such in many words is the doom of Centenary College, for, when these halls are deserted, and places now known, are known

no more, legends and traditions will perish, and the *Centenary*, so dear to many hearts, will pass away forever.

Then domiciled in a new spot, with no traditions, no history, in modern buildings that can never have the imposing grandeur which is lent by the massive architecture of the Greek, we will begin again to make a history for the new Centenary, and do deeds, that will be handed down to posterity as a priceless heritage of tradition.

But let us put aside the melancholy thoughts of one who loves this spot, and look at the moving of Centenary College in a practicle way, and ask the question: Why is this moving of Centenary desired?

Because the promoters of this attempt to change the site of Centenary, must certainly fail to realize the power of gold, and the wonderful charm it could work at Centenary. Centenary needs money, not change of place.

Here are buildings, that in one respect, are surpassed by few others, but their equipment is now out of date, and they need repair.

Provide funds sufficient to equip the laboratory of Centenary in the most complete way, with facilities, second to none, and a great increase will be found in the number of students of Science.

Repair, furnish, and equip the rooms of the dormitories with every convenience, and a good increase of students will be forthcoming.

Erect an attractive gymnasium building on the athletic field, furnish it with every facility for physical training, and the physical manhood of Centenary's boys would be strengthened, and indirectly the moral manhood, for, a strong, vigorous, healthy state is very conducive to a strong moral state.

Then a number of boys over Louisiana, who delight in manly sports, and who otherwise would go elsewhere, would come here if it were known that Centenary possesses the best gymnasium in the State, and also bear a high athletic record.

In short, in these, and other cases, which we have not time and space to mention, we would say,—apply the magic touch of

gold to Centenary College, and it will be needless to move, the College on this spot will take on fresh life, and thrive as she did in the days of her glory, when she was one of the proudest colleges in the land.

Ah! yes, let her still stand in the same old spot, around which cling some of the fondest memories of the past. Disturb not the traditions and legends that cling to every weather-beaten brick, for this is a sacred place, made sacred by the flight of time.

Who would tear down the historic places of Athens, or who would destroy the crumbled ruin of the Coliseum that he might barter the land whereon it stands?

Then who will destroy the traditions of the past, and build a new Centenary upon the ruins of the old?

In presenting, this, our first issue, for the school year of 1903–04, we wish to thank our patrons of the past, and we would say, that we desire their further patronage. Especially, do we urge the students to rally to our support, that we may make The Maroon and White a magazine of which we may be proud. It is your paper, it goes out over the State as your representative.

The Editor invites contributions of all kinds, poems especially, short stories, literary criticisms, etc. We propose having a column for jokes, and we can make this a success, only with the aid of each and every student. Please take the hint, and hand in any and every harmless joke that you may hear. And let our column of jokes be no respector of persons.

All contributions are desired to be plainly and distinctly written, correctly punctuated, and written only on one side of a sheet, with every page numbered, so that there may be no typographical mistakes, and consequently no disappointment to contributors.

Owing to a delay, the first issue of THE MAROON AND WHITE, will be for October, ending with June, thus making, however, the usual nine months.

LOCALS.

Centenary College opened Sept. 16th., with an enrollment of thirty-three and one-third per cent. more than that of last year, and there is a good outlook for the future, not only on account of the favorable opening, but also on account of the fact that the number has increased, and is doing so almost daily.

Shortly after the arrival of the train, it is a common thing to hear the familiar yell of "Fresh Fish," from the powerful throats of the Preps., which, of course, means that another has been added to our number. The prospect for still further increase seems very bright.

Among the co-eds, also, there are found several new faces, those of Misses Riggs, Fishburn and Miller.

President Miller preached Sunday, Oct. 4th., in the Methodist Church, and at the close of the service, made a talk in behalf of Centenary College. His appeal was not without effect, for at the close, a collection having been taken, it was announced that there been subscribed and paid, a sum sufficient to provide for five scholarships at Centenary.

A few days before the opening of the College, President Miller called a mass-meeting of the people of Jackson and vicinity, to discuss the interest of Centenary. Several other speakers were also present, and a sum, large enough to provide for seven scholarships was raised. This last then, makes twelve scholarships that have been provided for by the stanch friends of the College in Jackson. "Deeds speak louder than words."

Both the literary societies—*The Franklin Institute* and *The Union Literary Society*—have held their first meeetings. Election of officers was the only object of these meetings. Programs for the next meetings, however, are posted at the main entrance.

The officers-elect of *The Franklin* are as follows: President, A. K. Doss; Vice-President, C. W. Cates; Secretary, W. H. Robinson; Assistant Secretary, A. D. Ellis; Treasurer, H. L. Devall.

The officers-elect of *The Union* are as follows: President, R. H. Harper; Vice-President, J. B. Riley; Secretary, A. F. Smith; Assistant Secretary, C. E. Fike; Treasurer, R. H. Harper.

The officers-elect of *The Joint Literary Society* are as follows: President, H. L. Devall (*Franklin*); Vice-President, T. D. Lipscomb (*Union*); Secretary, C. W. Cates (*Franklin*); Assistant Secretary, H. E. Townsend (*Union*).

The officers of *The Centenary Athletic Association* for the ensuing term are as follows: President, A. F. Smith; Vice-President, T. C. Fullilove; Secretary, J. B. Reiley; Treasurer, B. B. Taylor; Manager of Base Ball, C. N. Lynch; Manager of Tennis, A. K. Doss; Manager of Track Events, J. C. Roberts; Committee on Soliciting Members, Taylor, Fullilove and Harper.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Welcome old and new Association men!

More than half of the students this year are new arrivals.

The annual reception given by the Association, at the beginning of the session, for the benefit of the new students, was an enjoyable occasion. Addresses by President A. K. Doss, Professors Miller and Harrel were followed by refreshments. Thanks to our Jackson friends who kindly assisted us in the singing and in other ways.

Through the efforts of several of our most active members almost all of the new students have been secured as members of the Y. M. C. A. We now have an enrollment of forty-five. Many of these attend the meetings regularly.

The service Sunday night, October 4th, was conducted by the Y. M. C. A. at the Methodist Church. The meeting was led

by the pastor, Rev. Coleman. The Association members assisted the choir in the singing.

Come with us and we will do thee good.

EXCHANGES.

THE MAROON AND WHITE has received very few exchanges so far, but hopes to have quite a number before our next issue.

We acknowledge receipt of "*The Tar Heel*," *The Felicianas* and *The Tuskeegee Student*. Each of these papers contained good articles, and we enjoyed reading them very much.

"WE'S A COMING."

Day am near, when Zion
Gwine to lef' her hand;
In de book it am written
Ob ol' Zion's ban';
What's do us' ob trying
Fu' to do no harm;
Lord's gwine ter raise His people,
High up in His arms.

CHORUS—

We's a commin';
Ol' Egypt's people
Am a coming;
Comin' up on high.
F'um de valley—
Valley and shadder
Ob de darkness
An' de day am nigh,
When he'll call us
F'um out dis wilderness
Ob trouble,
Up into the sky.

Dere's a lan' where Manna
Foun' in every tree;
In de book it am written
Jes' where you kin see
Lan' where milk and honey
Flowin' fresh and free,
An' dere's ev'ry blessin'
Waitin' dare fo' me.

CHORUS— —Ex.

"GAVE THE SIGNAL."

The teacher beamed upon the class
And said: "You'll please calculate
By mental process 24, 6, 18, 66, 3, 8."
The class rose with mighty howl
And joined in one terrific bawl
And jammed the teacher through his desk
And flung him up against the wall.
"What does this mean?" he sternly said,
His feelings being set on edge.
"We're sorry," gently said the class,
"You signaled for the flying wedge."—Ex.

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Maroon and White.

VOL. IV. JANUARY 1904. No. 4.

The Devil's Sieve.

Last night I lay a dreaming, a dreaming of the past,
All bright the moon was beaming, and shadows sharp were cast.
And while I yet was dreaming, a form I saw 'twixt me
And the moon o'er me streaming, aslant the maple tree.

The hideous form was seeming, to deftly shake a sieve,
Although I knew it dreaming, 'twas the devil I believe.
And still as I was dreaming, I saw him strike the sieve,
And men fell through a screaming, too late sins to retrieve.

And still while I was dreaming, many for many a sin,
Came through the sieve a teeming, with wails and devilish din.
I gazed on them a teeming, through meshes of the sieve,
To me they were seeming, two score men I believe.

And through the mesh came teeming, the man who knew the right,
But dared not be a seeming, to work with all his might.
And then the moon changed beaming, to but a shadowy light,
And soon my room was seeming, as dark as darkest night.

With this I waked from dreaming, I waked with sudden start,
And then that dream redeeming, I locked it in my heart
And now my race esteeming, I beg of every wight,
All things he will be deeming, best done with all the might.

—R. H. H.

78-20

Three Violets.

Ruth Gordon stamped her small foot on the gravel of the walk from the gate to the front steps of her father's home. "Of all the impudence I ever heard!" she exclaimed, "a painter at work on our house impudent to me!" A young fellow in overalls, swinging high above on the wall, and plying vigorously a paint brush to the weather-boarding, muttered at the girl's remark, but said nothing outright.

"What is the matter, Ruth?" her mother asked, from a recess on the wide veranda. "Why, Mamma, the impudent thing, I asked him if he really loved to paint, and he said that didn't concern me." "Well, daughter, he must have thought that you wished to call attention to his being a working man, and to cast a slur upon him. Painting is honest, and you mustn't hurt his feelings, Ruth."

Apparently the words of her mother had weight, for Ruth went off down the path very soberly, though in reality she was not thinking of her mother's words, but of the young painter himself. She knew he was handsome, but she hated him, of course she did, because he always gave her a short answer.

About sundown Ruth came back, swinging her parasol, while a young spark of the village, walked humbly by her side. She was talking gaily, perhaps because the young painter was in sight, silently plying his brush. She had always had a subtle power over men, but it seemed of no avail with this painter, and that was what baffled her. She had always been accustomed to adoration from all men, and that one fellow, though a painter, refused to give it, worried her not a little.

When the two were nearly to the steps she said in a most pitying way, "That poor painter, he must get very tired," and the gentleman in question said some things under his breath.

The next day being the Sabbath, the Gordons went to church. Finally the minister arose and said, "If there is anyone in the audience who will play the organ, we would be very grateful. The organist is sick."

Maroon and White.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1904. No. 1

The Messenger of Spring.

Far from the south the martin flies,
Swift on his widely spreading wings;
Sleek is his coat and glossy black,
Glad is the song he wildly sings.

When in circuitous wheelings round
The pole with swinging, pendant gourds,
Reared by farmers year to year,
Or round the town boys' house of boards,

He darts and lights with flutter free,
And chatters in excess of life,
We know that spring has come at last,
And winter winds will cease their strife.

And yellow jasmine flowers sweet,
With dogwood blooms will reappear,
And cover o'er the scrub pine bush,
Amid the green of the new-born year.

Then banks of roads worn down with age,
With violets will be o'erlaid,
In all th' exquisite tracery
Of many a marking, many a shade.

And woodlands wide, and meadows green,
And dales where darker shadows lurk,
Display the beautiful art of God,
And show His lovely handiwork.

—R. H. H.

The Little Schoolmaster.

Willow Bend is a small village situated in the turn of a ggish bayou that winds and creeps along among flags and water-lillies, where the turtle basks in the sun, and the moccasin glides and slides on the lazy water, and disappears among the cypress and willow roots. A sleepy stream it is, and a sleepy village.

Hither Ralph James came one day to teach the village school during the summer term. Back in college they called him "Boots," because, in his Freshman year, a crowd of upperclassmen had scared him into shining a Senior's shoes. He was slight of form, very slight, and his long and tapering fingers seemed more like a girl's than a man's. He could hardly be called a man, however, for he stood only five feet and a few inches, and his years were not hard to number.

Still he was surprisingly firm with his scholars, and his discipline was good. But the burly loafers around the village store looked upon him as a very effeminate fellow.

One morning Mr. James walked down to the store to make some purchases. The loafers had stopped whittling and were watching Sid Jones and Af Smith passing a ball out in the road. Willow Bend boasted a great team, by virtue of having recently defeated the Jonesville team, the score being 50 to 40 in their favor.

Sid Jones was supposed to be pitching great curves, and at every ball the loafers would exclaim, "My, that was a pretty one!" "Gosh, that was a beaut!" but as far as James could see, they were all drops, drops that were caused by the force of gravity. Nevertheless Sid Jones felt his greatness, and Af Smith caught the ball with a resounding smack, and the loafers would exclaim, "That's the way to make 'em hit, old man!"

The young schoolmaster watched them with amused interest, and he could hardly suppress a smile. "Would you let me pitch some?" he asked, as they stopped. Both smiled indulgently as they looked at the slight form.

"Why, yes, young fellow; you can try your hand if yer want to," Sid Jones said condescendingly.

James took off his coat, went out into the road and took the proffered ball. Af Smith had already taken off the mit, and he now stood waiting without it. "You are not going to use the mit?" said James. Af grinned, they all grinned; "Guess I can hold all you throw, young fellow," Af replied. Again James suppressed a smile. "All right," he said.

The first balls Af caught easily, with great contempt. "Now, can I throw them a little hard?" the young man asked. Af grinned. "Just as you like, my honey," he answered.

James swung his right arm out, then suddenly around back over his head and let it go at Af so hard that the eyes of the loafers opened very wide, in spite of their sleepiness. Af barely had time to get his hands up, when it struck them with such a sharp sting that he wrung them in spite of himself. But his pride now kept him from taking the mit.

The balls got harder and harder; Af held on to them with difficulty, and began to return them with all his might to James, but the latter carelessly threw out first one hand and then the other and pulled them in without the least exertion. The loafers stared in amazement and Af's stinging and burning hands made him very uncomfortable.

"Shall I try a few curves?" the little schoolmaster asked mildly. "Any kind suits me," Af replied, trying to grin. By this time James was thoroughly amused at the situation. So he wound himself into a knot, untangled himself abruptly, and let the ball drive at Af. Af braced himself, when the ball very suddenly jumped to the right of him, and went a yard out of his reach. Again Af made a feeble attempt at a grin when he returned the ball. Then the little pitcher let the ball go again, with a sort of simultaneous swing of body and arm. Af decided that it was surely coming straight at him this time, and waited for it. But the ball shot down swiftly through his legs and bounced rapidly away, without his fingers so much as touching it. The little fellow smiled pleasantly, but when Af had chased

the ball he never even attempted to grin, but doubled up very savagely and sent it back with all his might. He threw the ball a little low, and the little pitcher merely thrust out his left foot. The ball shot up and was caught in the left hand and tossed over to his right hand.

Then without any fancy maneuvers, he swung his arm swiftly over his head, brought it down and let the ball go. Af had determined to get this one, and he grabbed desperately to his right, when the ball swerved terribly and caught him a severe blow in the breast. The little schoolmaster decided that he had carried his fun far enough, and he withdrew to the store gallery.

While he was putting on his coat, the loafers looked on him with wide-open eyes. "Must er played some before," Sid Jones finally ventured to say.

"Yes, a little," James replied; "played on two or three professional teams last summer, and was pitcher for our college team the past two seasons. Mother doesn't like for me to play, however, so I decided to teach school during this vacation, though I was offered a place in the League during the summer."

"You don't say!" they all exclaimed.

After that the little schoolmaster was no longer considered effeminate by the citizens of Willow Bend.

—HANS VERZWYVELT.

The Murderer.

The mighty river surged between the piers of the bridge which was then being constructed across its wide breadth, as I strolled along its banks one afternoon when my work was done.

I was watching with interest a man swinging aloft and working away as unconcerned as if he were safe on one of the stone piers, when I ran into a large rope, which was secured near one end of the unfinished bridge.

Ah! Would that I could have undone that act. The rope was the thread of that man's life, for it secured his swinging seat; and too late, alas! too late I heard the warning of the workmen at the end of the bridge. Spellbound, I watched the motion I had imparted to it ripple along the rope, until it reached him; I saw the frail seat swing from side to side, and the daring man, swaying dangerously, midway between earth and heaven.

Then, Oh horror! he clutched wildly at the empty air, then pitched headlong. The grim iron work loomed up just below, and the dark river boiled between the massive piers. The twinkling of an eye and his life would be crushed out on the cruel iron work or be swallowed up in the deep waters far below.

Oh, the horror of it! and all because of me; and Oh, the despair of it! I a murderer, forever a murderer! and no help for it.

A terrible crash! I awoke with a start and the clock finished striking three. It was only a dream.

—ROBERT THORNWOOD.

The Last Race of Blaze-Face.

"Well, Arthur old boy, I'm glad to see you again," said John Parker, as he offered his friend a chair. "Great Cæsar! how bad you look, are you sick?" he asked, as he looked at his friend's haggard countenance.

"No, I'm not sick, John," Arthur Black replied, as he took the proferred chair, "that is, not physically."

"Oh, come now Arthur, not a love affair?" Parker said, half-laughingly. "You never was a lady's man."

"That's it after all John," Black replied wearily, "and I'm broken up somehow, but I can't blame her; it was a thing not to be helped. Yes, not to be helped," he repeated absently.

Honest John Parker was not laughing now. "I'm sorry old fellow," he said, "come, tell me all about it."

"Well John, I will; perhaps it will do me good to tell it: You remember Maggie Dean, our schoolmate years ago? Well, as you say, I was never a lady's man, but somehow, after we had left school, I had a boyish fancy that the world would never be quite right without Maggie Dean, and as the years have passed, the boyish fancy has become the man's. You have been away from the old village a long while, but I have remained there. Maggie has become more beautiful as a woman, and I have wondered how any one could know her and not love her. I loved her and—do you remember Tommy Jones? Well he loved her too. Maggie could never decide that she loved either one of them more than the other, and she would tell us so. Ah! I love old Tom, and I always will, but how I envy him." Arthur Black stopped, and looked into the fire for a long time, and Parker never interrupted him. "Well, Tom and I finally made an agreement," he resumed, "that Mag. must decide it once for all. It is a rather strange story, I'll admit, but together we went to Maggie's home. Tom was to be the spokesman, but after we had sat down before the cheerful grate, it was a long time before he could speak, and it seemed to me then that I had rather the suspense would go on forever than that it should be ended, perhaps all too bad for me. But finally he took her hand in his. She never objected and he began to tell her of our agreement. Soon she slipped her other hand into mine, and if I live a thousand years, I will never forget the terrible suspense of those moments as we silently awaited her decision, nor withal the inexpressible sweetness of it all."

"At last she said, 'Oh, I can't decide between you two, I can't. Tommy I can't do without your great tenderness, and without your singing, Arthur. Don't make me decide. Let us just try to be three friends always, and you know that I have never yet shown any partiality.' We both assured her that she had never made any difference; but that she knew that each of us wanted her to be more than a friend, and that we wanted her

to decide it once for all. Finally she said, 'You know I have always loved magnolias, and you both have almost risked your lives to get them for me in our childhood days, and afterward too. It is time for them to be in flower, and—and the first one to bring me a magnolia to-morrow, may—may—have me.' She was too much embarrassed at her last words to go on, for a few moments. 'But mind you,' she added, 'you must be fair in it, you must start at the same time in the morning.' This we agreed to, and finally we reluctantly took our leave. I could not sleep that night, and I was tempted to go out in the dark and seek a magnolia. But I overcame the temptation and finally went to sleep. Early in the morning we met, and started out, each one riding a horse. We rode together until we reached the fork in the road—you remember, close by the Sandy Creek bride? Tommy turned to the left. 'Good-bye, Arthur, I can't wish you good luck, but we are friends always.' 'With all my heart,' I replied, and galloped away. After a long search I found a single magnolia in the top of a large tree. I hitched my horse, and risked my life to get it. Then I mounted, and spurred my faithful blaze-face to its utmost. Could I get there ahead? As I neared the fork of the road, I heard the clatter of hurrying hoofs, and soon Tom appeared, pounding down the road, his horse reeking with foam. It was strange, but we turned in together. Then a stretch of level road for a mile and happiness at the end for the winner! Should a horse decide my happiness? 'Go old blaze-face,' I yelled like a madman, and dug my spurs savagely into his flanks. A thousand springs seemed loosed under me, and the old blaze-face was doing his best. Neck and neck we flew for a half-mile, then my horse began to lag behind. I cursed, I raved like one insane, I dug my spurs cruelly into his side. He responded again, and gave a good account of himself for a hundred yards. Then he lagged again and I realized that it was no use, that the blaze-face couldn't hold his gait. Yes, Tommy won, and I can't make any kick, it couldn't be helped, but it's rather hard on me.'' Arthur Black finished his story, and began again to gaze into

the dying fire. "If blaze-face had just held up," he muttered to himself, seemingly forgetting Parker's presence.

Our Louisiana Girl.

Come companions, let us toast,
With crystal water clear,
She, the one whom we love most—
Our Louisiana girl.

Dashing on her fiery bay,
Or 'neath the dazzling lights,
She's bewitching every way—
Our Louisiana girl.

Brown and dark the waving hair,
That falls and shades around,
The face of her that's wondrous fair—
Our Louisiana girl.

Light the steps with Southern grace,
That thrill our listening ear,
Bringing her in silk and lace—
Our Louisiana girl.

Beautiful and pure in heart,
She is a queen of queens
Despair of the artist's art—
Our Louisiana girl.

—CLIFTON ZANZIBAR.

JOSEPH LANE, ALIAS JACK WILD.

Part VI.—Face to Face.

Jack Wild's college days were over, and he was brought face to face with life, and the fact that he must get at something. This is a question that confronts every youth, and how much hangs on his decision. Some have known what they were

going to do from earliest childhood, some decide at length after they are approaching manhood, others never decide, but drift from one thing to another, having no definite aim or purpose in view.

The old fireman, now getting somewhat nervous, but otherwise just the same, greeted Jack with a silent hand-shake when he returned from college. He vouchsafed never a word for a few minutes, but Jack understood him. The fireman's soul generally worked in silence, and the only outward manifestation was the cob pipe. This he took out, and set to smoking as usual. Wild took out a handsome meerschaum and followed the fireman's example. This action the old man noted with disapproval, and he spoke for the first time.

"Well, Jack," he said, "you've finished the polishing of your bright parts and brought this back as a kinder souvenir, hey? Don't like it, my boy"—a puff of disapproval—"take an old man's advice, my boy, and let tobaccy alone. Can't do you no good, Jack. Course, I ain't ezzackly the man to speak agin tobaccy, using it as I do; but I'm kinder the one, too, seeing as how nervous I am, and how my hand shakes on the throttle—you know I'm an engineer now, too, trying to take *his* place, but I ain't got no sort of the grit that he had when his hand was on the throttle—and it just don't do you no good nohow, and most often a deal of harm. But I'm glad it's a pipe instead of these fernal cigarettes. Cut it out, my boy, cut it out. Well, Jack, you are face to face with the old world, what do you intend to do? Don't know? Well, now, you might take to the road, and follow in *his* steps."

This Jack Wild, the polished and elegant college man, eventually did, and an old college-mate, passing through X., failed to recognize the handsome *hostler*, much to the amusement of Wild.

Jack finally became a fireman, and often shoveled coal on his old friend's engine. Finally he pulled an engine of his own out, and no victory at college was more dear to him than the fact that he was an engineer. With all the dash and daring of

his foster-father, he soon attracted attention, and old railroad men began to shake their heads and say, "He's just like the old one."

All this time he remembered those brown eyes. Sometimes they shed a soft glow over his dreams, and sometimes they haunted him as he sped along the gleaming rails. He had seen her several times since he had been on the road, but she had treated him very coolly, and it became evident to young Wild that she had something of her father's exclusiveness, and that she was inclined to look down upon a working man.

All this he noted with regret, and he kept away, and tried to put her out of his memory. Charley was the same good friend that he had always been, although he had not approved of Jack's becoming a railroad man, as he thought him fitted for other things. But the fact was, Wild had come to the end of his financial row, and he had to be up and doing.

But still he regretted not his choice, and he gloried in his work. And who does not venerate the engineer? Seated up there in his cab, his clothes greasy, and his face all smutty, he has a nerve of iron and a heart as true as steel. His tangled locks fanned by the breezes of night, he exults in the thrill of his engine's reckless life, he is glad in the knowledge that he hold's such power in the palm of his hand, as he rushes onward into the night. Ever chasing the shining streaks, with a life to give for the souls behind, a great man is the engineer, with his hand upon the throttle and his eye upon the rail.

CHAPTER VII.

JACK WILD'S LAST RUN.

To the office came the message from Mr. Lane: "Get me an engine quick, to go to X." Vainly they looked for an engineer when the new 44 was ready in a few minutes' time. Only Jack Wild was to be found in the yards. "O, well; he'll do," was the comment.

Young Wild was somewhat elated when he pulled Mr. Lane's special car out of the yards, and chased away to the

west. And strange it was that he should hold the throttle of another 44.

The wind arose, and blew strongly against the pilot as they rushed on toward X. But the perspiring fireman continually fed the engine's fiery mouth and Wild made a good pace against the wind.

Mr. Lane had asked that they get to X. by 8 o'clock at all hazard, and that meant 150 miles in as many minutes. Night came on when they had crossed Tiger Creek. A little shower had made the rails slippery for a number of miles, and Wild began to lose time, and he began to despair of ever reaching X. by eight. Nevertheless, when they had passed the stretch of slippery rails, they gained some of the lost time.

When they at last thundered by Indian Village, the last station toward X., a mild, determined look came into the young engineer's eyes, as he yelled *coal!* to the nearly exhausted fireman. There was a clock in the cab, and the fireman knew they were going to attempt nearly twelve miles in ten minutes. The engine groaned and rolled, but somehow kept the treacherous rails, and continually the dark eyes of the engineer gleamed with the fascination of danger and daring. Lights along the way became literal streaks in the darkness, and the great stack left a fiery trail between the fast receding rails. Mr. Lane was forced to hold to the seat. Then he became nervous. "Heavens! but that fellow is running," he muttered. Still, in in the cab the minute hand was surely climbing close to the top, and Wild began to despair again. "Is it possible that we can do any more?" he asked himself. "More coal!" he yelled across to the fireman. "Let her go, we'll do it or die." Behind, Mr. Lane groaned, as he took a firmer hold on the seat. The night wind fairly hissed as it swept behind the flying car, and Wild began to observe objects in the vicinity of the river. Yes, away down the track gleamed a tiny light, then another and another. "All's clear ahead," shouted the fireman, and he sank down on his seat, completely worn out. "Poor fellow, he's done for, but *we have made it*," Jack said to himself.

They rushed across the bridge none too slow, and the old keeper of the bridge wondered, "What fool is on that engine."

Then the deep whistle awoke the suburban echoes, and Mr. Lane gave a sigh of relief, as they pulled into the station precisely at 8 o'clock.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

After Mr. Lane had completed the business that had so suddenly and imperatively demanded his presence in X., he sent for the engineer who had brought him there so swiftly.

Wild came in, somewhat abashed at being in the presence of such a great man, that is, in railroad circles. Then, too, he had heard that the old man had been very much frightened in their last twelve miles, and he was half afraid that he might be reproved.

Mr. Lane looked up in surprise at the young fellow when he presented himself. "Heavens, sir! you can't be the engineer," he said, as he looked at the boyish fellow who stood before him.

"I am, sir," young Wild answered.

"Well, sir, you are very young, but you have the nerve. I wish to thank you"—suddenly he looked intently into the engineer's face. "Young man," he uttered, almost fiercely, "what is your name?"

"Wild," answered the engineer.

Mr. Lane seemed disappointed, but still looked searchingly into the young man's face. "You have something strangely familiar about you, sir," he said; "were you brought up here?" "Yes, sir, I was brought up here," Wild answered. "I am an orphan and have a somewhat strange history. Twenty years ago, I was found by Jack Wild, Sr., on the road near Tiger River, and"—"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lane. "You are my son, my own lost son. Come here, my son."

Wondering, Wild went up to the old man, and Mr. Lane took him in his arms and wept. "You were christened with the

name of Joseph, and you are Joseph Lane, Jr., my only son and heir. I need have no fear of making a mistake. I have always said I would know my son."

The happy father pushed his son away and gazed at him admiringly. "My! you are a fine fellow," he said proudly; "you are six feet if an inch; don't attempt to deny it, sir, you are a true son of your father." Then the old man wept afresh for very joy. "Have you any education, sir?" he asked, after a while.

"Finished at Yale, sir," was the answer.

"Well, now, you are my son, sure; don't attempt to deny it, sir."

As for Jack, his brain was in a whirl. He could not be expected to show as much feeling as his father. But flesh and blood will tell, and he was soon irresistibly attracted to the handsome old gentleman who, he realized, was his father, and a strange feeling stole over him. "O, my father, I'm so glad," was all that he could say.

"And Joseph, my son, your mother, yes, your mother"—the old man said.

Ere long another special pulled away, this time leaving X., but Jack Wild was not in the cab, but Joseph Lane, Jr., sat in the car behind, in company with his father.

Words cannot express the transports of a mother's joy. She wept, she laughed, and wept again. Then she would clasp her son tightly and cry, "It's true, isn't it? O, tell me it is." "Yes, mother," Mr. Lane would reply, "of course it is; don't attempt to deny it, ma'am." Their son was happy, Mr. Lane was happy, she was happy; withal they were a happy trio.

Joseph Lane, Jr., eventually succeeded to his father's place, and his practical knowledge of railroading has made him eminently successful. Still in X. he is known as Jack Wild, and old railroad men greet him as "Jack" whenever he chances to be in that city.

The old fireman is too old for work, but he is provided for by his friend Lane. His hair and rough beard are white. He

still smokes a cob pipe, and his greatest pleasure is sitting on his little cottage gallery and talking of the past, and relating thrilling tales of the road, emphasizing with different and suitable ways of emitting the smoke from his mouth and nostrils. His stories are mostly about Jack Wild, and he thinks no more daring nor better engineer ever pulled a throttle.

Over the remains of the latter, a beautiful marble shaft rises to a goodly height, bearing on its base the words: "Here lies Jack Wild, an engineer, who met death at his post."

Joseph Lane, Jr., had not married when I last saw him. After going through college with him, and knowing him up to this point of my history of him, I have lost sight of him, much to my regret. I forgot to mention that Charley Hartford is an attorney for the road with which our history has been connected. Some day I am going to see him, and especially Jack—I will call Lane Jack—for no better fellow ever lived, and I long to see him again.

(CONCLUDED.)

Maroon and White.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1904. No. 6.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING ACADEMIC YEAR BY THE JOINT LITERARY SOCIETY OF CENTENARY COLLEGE

ROBERT H. HARPER, Editor-in-Chief.
S. HOFFPAUIR, Y. M. C. A. Editor.
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Subscription price 50 cents per year. All business communications advertisements to be inserted and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager. Advertising rates furnished on application.

Entered at the post office at Jackson as second-class matter.

JACKSON, LA., APRIL, 1904.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The question may well be asked, "Why is there such a scarcity of Southern literature?" Also why has there been? In no country in modern times has there existed more lofty ideals than in the South. With the spirit of the Midaeval knight, the true Southern gentleman has ever guarded his honor as a priceless possession, and protected the untarnished name of Southern womanhood.

Romance has come naturally with the breath of the magnolia, and the murmur of sleepy brooks. Heroism has come in the dark days of civil strife, and can it be possible that no man who dwells in this land, the last refuge of chivalry, is able to inscribe for future generations, the history of their own priceless heritage, and the heroic deeds of their fathers, who fought under the Stars and Bars?

Perhaps the true solution may be found in the conditions that have existed in the South. Before secession, the South was in reality very much like feudal countries of the Middle Ages. No great cities arose, but all over the fertile land might be found the spacious mansions of the planters, and every plantation was a little feudal estate in itself. The chivalrous ideals that have made the Southerner one of the most elegant and courteous

gentleman in the world, and the Southern woman the most chaste and the most graceful, were at their height, but there were none to express in impassioned language the spirit of Southern chivalry. Men turned to the law instead of literature, and as a result, the South has given to the world a long list of illustrious statesman, but very few men of literary distinction. But some day a master hand will give the literature the rich store of legend and tradition, fact and fiction concerning the old South.

FUTURE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

In an able editorial in a late *Picayune*, a prosperous future for New Orleans is predicted. The Panama Canal will build up the commerce of the Southern States, and New Orleans, being already the great shipping point of the South, and having a great advantage in the safe harbor in its great river, and the extensive levee front, where shipping may be loaded right from the cars to ocean vessels, will no doubt remain the great shipping point. Thus New Orleans will doubtless eventually be the greatest commercial city of the Union, and Louisiana the wealthiest State.

BASE BALL.

Base ball is well adapted to furnish exercise to the college boy. Physically it gives him a healthy and active body. Mentally, in its problems that must be decided instantly, it gives him judgment and precision. The editor is glad to note that a very large number of the students are interested in the game this season. As a result we have good prospects of a successful season. Since the Trustees have repealed the law against inter-collegiate ball at Centenary, our career in that line has not been fraught with much success. But our teams have improved every season, and we believe that our team this year is better than ever before, and that we must inevitably shout in victory—"Hipity hip, kerzip kerzip, Rackety cax, coax coax, Hulabaloo kerzip kerzee, What's the matter with old C. C."

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with deep and heart-felt sorrow that we are called upon to record the death of our beloved friend and brother, Albert Joseph Price.

Mr. Price entered Centenary in the Spring of '98 and completed his course in June, 1901, being the Validictorian of his class. His genial disposition and cordial manner won the affection of the student body, and his steady adherance to duty procured for him the respect of the Faculty.

He joined the Union Literary Society soon after entering College and was one of its best and most faithful members, having led the Society to victory in public debate. A happy and useful life seemed open before him, but in the bloom of young manhood he has been snatched away by cruel death.

While it is hard for us to understand this sad dispensation of Providence, yet we feel that it is the hand of a loving Father who doeth all things well, and to His will we humbly submit, offering the following resolutions:

Whereas, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom hath seen fit to take away our beloved friend and brother, Albert Joseph Price, be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the Union Literary Society has lost a loyal and worthy alumnus.

Resolved, That while we bow our heads in humble submission to the will of the All Wise Creator, we mourn the loss of our brother.

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Society archieves, that a copy be published in the MAROON AND WHITE, and that a copy be sent to the grief-stricken family.

C. E. FIKE,
D. ACERS,
B. B. TAYLOR,
Committee.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Prof. U.—Charlie, who was Noah?

Charlie.—President of Egypt.

Prof. U.—Mr. Cox, put the following Saxon sentence into a classical one: "Ma, if a bear should eat me up, where would my soul go?"

Cox.—How is this, Professor: "Mama, if a carnivorous individual should devour me, whither would that ethereal portion of my human organization rejoicing in the euphonious appellation, soul, depart?"

T. is for Thompson, the very green man,
Who came all the way from monkey land.—Bloody Kildee.

Mr. Z.—I'm always afraid of these gas lights. Afraid I may not turn them completely off and that I'll wake up in the morning and find myself dead.

W. B.—Say, Lip, I had a dream last night.

Lip.—What was it?

W. B.—I dreamed that I died and went to heaven, and just at the pearly gate I met Saint Peter. He handed me a box of chalk and said: "Go into that room and write down all the lies that you ever told." I started and met Heber Wadley at the door. I said: "Where are you going, Wadley?" He said: "Back after more chalk."

Mr. L.—You seem to enjoy boiled corn, Mr. A.

Mr. A., *smacking loudly.*—Yes; I just love it.

Mr. L.—It seems to me it would be cheaper for you to board at a livery stable.

Charlie G. went visiting recently, and just as he entered the parlor of his lady friend the 'phone rang. Charley hastily

answered the 'phone, and when asked, "Who are you?" he answered, "C. G." The reply came, "Son, this is Prof. M. I want to speak to Mrs. ——, but what are you doing down there during study hour? Don't you know that you are too young to visit the girls?" C. replied, "N–n–o–oo s–i–r–r, I didn't know it; I just came down to—"

Prof. M.—"All right, sir, just return to your room and be good. Good-bye."

C.—"Y–e–s, s–i–r. Well, good night, Miss ——, I will call again."

THE WISDOM OF PREPS.

There were once some boys who went to college expecting to have an easy time by riding the Profs. They intended to make grades from ninety-nine to one hundred without ever looking inside of their books. Finally the Professors became weary and gently stopped. The riders went in the same direction, and when their reports came out some were about 20, a few a little above that, but one made the enormous grade of .07, and then the faithful riders really complained of being treated wrong. Of course, such proceedings never happened at this place, but watch! Boys, the longest road is sometimes the best.

LONGINGS OF A PREP.

I would like to be a sheriff, and with a sheriff stand,
A blood-hound at my side, and a pistol in my hand.

I would like to be a sheriff, and with a sheriff stand,
A bridle on my horse, and a criminal in the land.

I would like to be a sheriff, and with a sheriff stand,
A gun upon my shoulder, a-hunting another man.

Important Notice.—This prep is not so bloodthirsty as the reader is likely to infer. In reality, he is a mild sort of a little fellow, and only by chance hit upon this theme, and partly because he could make some rhyme, even if there were not much meter.

LOCALS.

The fresh green buds, clothing the trees with new suits, are seen all about us, thus declaring that life still exists in the seemingly dead trees, and the shrill yet beautiful notes are poured forth by the tiny birds that sing all over our attractive campus, proclaiming their songs of mirth and hope, teaching men lessons of encouragement. Then we ought to be encouraged and raise our standards high, ever remembering that if God so clothes the forests and cares for the birds, He will tenderly watch over us.

We are glad to note that most of the sick are getting better, but sorry that Miss Miller is still very sick.

It seemed that summer had come, but a gale set in and caused winter to return with its charms, a fire being the most attractive.

The traveling clothes dealer, Mr. Son, was beaming about Centenary not many days ago.

Brother John slipped off a few days ago, and it is reported that he went courting. He rose early and sped away toward the near east, and never returned until late at night, so he was not discovered until the next day. He was found in Room 4, whereupon the news was made known, and a call for troops was made. A number of young noblemen heartily responded, armed chiefly with brushes and straps. After a short faithful siege the stronghold was entered and then a hard fought battle was made made by the besieged, but he was soon overpowered and the brushes, straps and boys all did their part well. This is a note of warning to courting men.

Our boys are playing base ball in earnest, and expect good results from their faithful work.

Among our late arrivals is Mr. S. D. Wall and Mr. C. Hebert.

The boys of the second athletic association have challenged the High School of Clinton for a series of games. They expect

to play a series with the boys of the Norwood High School, and they intend to win.

Dr. Wilkinson, of New Orleans, held a revival at the M. E. Church in Jackson. He is an eminent preacher. Interest was manifested and a great deal of good was done. May the revival continue in our hearts.

Rev. J. W. Harper is with us no more. In losing him, we have lost a noble man, a faithful student and an earnest Christian. We hope he will be successful and that he returns to Centenary next September.

A few days ago we received the delightful news that our friend and brother, H. L. Devall, has taken unto himself a wife.

We are pleased to note that Dr. Wilkinson conducted our Chapel services a few times recently.

Dr. Eugene May, the famous well-known lecturer, delivered a fine lecture at this place some nights since.

Mention of the death of Prof. Albert Joseph Price will be found in other places of this issue, but we feel constrained to write of it here. The writer once had the honor of being a student of the beloved Prof. Price. As an instructor, a counselor and a Christian gentleman he loved him. He was faithful and true, and as we write of him, we feel sure that his spirit is safe in heaven. May the bereaved ones find comfort in Christ Jesus, whom he trusted.

Life is uncertain, death is certain, and has claimed as its victim Mr. Knight Goodrich, a former student of this school.

President Miller has carried his daughter to New Orleans to be treated. We hope she will soon recover.

Neither the Franklin Institute nor the Union Literary Society have received proper attention within the pages of this paper, nor can we do them justice in words, yet we must say both Societies are alive. Yes, they are alive, for they have some lively members who are not afraid to do their duty whenever it

comes. We have our regular, well-attended meetings once a week, and have had our public debates; also the debate between the two Societies, and recently we played the series of ball games for the beautiful silver cup. Two games were played, both being won by the Union, so the La Pradde cup rests for fourth year in the Union hall. The debate between the Societies was won by the Union. The Union will have another public debate in a few weeks. T. D. Lipscomb and L. P. Whittington are against Jones and E. J. C. Easterly. The latter two young men are the silver-tongued orators from the parish of Livingston. We expect to hear a grand debate, as the former gentlemen are very loud and full of music. The Franklin holds its own. May these two glorious old Societies ever grow and prosper, and cause men to rejoice in the fact that Societies exist.

EXCHANGES.

Some of the magazines are still improving, and most of them are holding their own.

Since spring has set in, in all its beauty, those with poetic taste will have a chanc to show themselves, and we expect to see quite an improvement in all the magazines. That inspiration seems to have already reached "Agnes Scott," and we enjoyed reading the many poems which appeared in the *Aurora*. Though the meter is not perfect, in most of them, they are very well written, and the thought is good.

The article on "Genius" in the *Southwestern University Magazine*, is well written. The magazine also contains three good stories. "A Medley of Dreams and Facts" is a very interesting story, and shows that the author is possessed of a vivid imagination. "The Secret of Fulano's Castle" is well written, and holds one's attention from the first—the ending is exactly what one would suspect from the onset. "A Visit to the West" is an

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VOL. V. MARCH, 1905. NO. 2.

CENTENARY BELL.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my college,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The campus, the building, the temple of knowledge,
And every lov'd spot in my boyhood I knew,
The stately old building, the wings that stood near it,
The pine and oak where the sweet shadows fell,
The great center building, the eating-house by it,
And all the old boys who answered the bell.
The sweet-toned bell—Shall we sell? Shall we sell?
Hear the knell! Is it well; is it well?

The dear old college, I hail as a treasure,
For often from home, when returned to its halls
I found it a source of exquisite pleasure
To answer once more the sweetest of calls.
How ardent I siezed the books that were glowing,
As distilled from the sources of learning they fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
Inspired by the notes of the old college bell.
The sweet-toned bell—Shall we sell? Shall we sell?
Hear the knell! Is it well; is it well?

How fain would the people of Shreveport remove it,
As poised in the court, it so soon may be soil'd.
Not a cool hundred thousand could tempt me to move it,
Let no former student live to see it despoil'd,
For when far removed from the lov'd situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to the Shreveport location,
And sighs for the sound of the old college bell.
The sweet-toned bell—Shall we sell? Shall we sell?
Hear the knell! Is it well; is it well?

XXX.

A MODERN FABLE.

(The application is intensely local.)

Once there was a Model Girl named Prudence. From Infancy Prudence was a Good Girl. Her keenest Pleasure was going to Sunday School and winning Prizes like a Picture of the Apostles, for reciting the most verses from the Book of Proverbs. When the Girls got up a little Card party and Took a Dash at High Five or Euchre, for Wednesday Night, Prudence and Mamma went to Prayer Meeting. Also she thought dancing just horrid.

When Prudence was 31 years Old, she married a man named Claud whom all the ladies called Claudie. Some Years later when little Alberta was a Part of the Family Assets, Prudence and Claudie were Anxious that He should be brought up in the Right Way. They cut out the Public School because the Dirty Dagoes went There. Also Bad boys who swiped Lunches and Things.

When the College Microbes began Working, Prudence said Her Son should never have his Moral Nature contaminated by having to look at a Brutal Foot Ball game. Claudie said he thought Prudence was Right. So a College was Picked Out for little Alberta where the Moral Atmosphere was Pure. The Members of the Faculty were all retired Ministers, and the Matron had belonged to the Red Cross Society during the Spanish War. Also the Janitor had worked in the Salvation Army in Chicago.

This College was on a little hill in a City of 93 Inhabitants. The little shister Rail Road did not run Trains on Sundays because the People in Joy's Hill thought It a sin to Use the Enjine on the Sabbath. Also the Whistle Disturbed the People at Church. Any Boy caught playing Leap Frog or Foot-and-Ahalf was considered Disreputable and had to Commit a Hundred lines of Wesley's Sermons. Prudence and Claudie said this College would make a Missionary of Alberta, and That was Their fond Dream.

So Alberta was Sent to Joy's Hill College. The President said if he studied Hard, and didn't smoke Vile Cigarettes, and Used good language, and Cut all Slang, also said his Prayers regularly, he might make a good Man.

Once a week the President called all the Joy's Hill students into the Chapel and made them a Good Talk on Morals. He said Smoking was Bad; also Cards. But Cussing was Horrible. No Boy could become a Missionary if he Let a Cuss word Drop from his Lips. He said sometimes a Thoughtless Young Man would say Shucks or Doggone when he was Mad. He said this was very Sinful.

Alberta did Well at Joy's Hill College, only he came near being expelled for Rastling on the Campus. The President said you should not Rastle with any One but the Lord. Alberta said he didn't know the Lord was a Rastler was why he had Tackled the Boy.

One week they had very Cold weather. Also much Grip. About 12 O'Clock one Night Alberta was reading to a Boy, who had the Grip, one of Mr. Cram's Reports of Missionary Work in Corea. The President came over to the Dormitory with his Arms full of Bottles and Things to Look after the Young Intellects that the Grip had Knocked out. Joy's Hill College was Fenced off from the 93 inhabitants by a High Fence that had a big Gate for the Buggies to pass through. Also a High Stile for Walkers to pass Over. On the Campus side the Middle step of this Stile was broken off. The Venerable President came over these Stiles humming Let Us Cross Over The River. When he put his Foot where the Middle Step used to Be there was a Splattering of Bottles and President all over the Stiles and the Frozen ground. Also the President's song was Changed to D-d-d-d-am Th-th-th-th-at H-h-h-h-ell F-f-f-f-ired step.

The next Day Alberta bought a Copy of The Ford Brothers. Also 12 packs of King Bee.

Moral: The Best Men Will be Natural if the Occasion is Sudden enough.

JNO. R. BEAVER.

THE RAVEN.

(With apologies to E. A. Poe.)

On a midnight dark and dreary,
I was pondering, weak and weary,
Trying to extract the cube of four,
A thing I'd never tried before.
Suddenly there came a rapping,
As though someone gently tapping,
Tapping on my chamber door.

'Tis some Prof., I muttered,
Tapping on my battered door,
Only this and nothing more.
Not long stood I wondering,
Nor long stood I pondering,
But open wide I flung the door—
My "hero" there, and nothing more.

I spoke no word to greet him,
I was not glad to meet him,
But back into my chamber walked I—
Nor to my visitor talked I—
My visitor, called by all a "bore,"
Nameless here for ever more.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE OCCUPATIONS.

I touched upon this point in the last issue, when I said "Women are no longer compelled to look only to matrimony for a livelihood" and also when I said that "the world is as quick to reward merit in a woman as it is to recognize merit in a man." There are ample grounds for argument on this question. Every day in large cities we hear the cry grow louder "that men are being crowded out by women." Not only is the force of teachers in the public schools composed almost entirely of women, but the office forces are tending that way with a rapidity that may well cause uneasiness to one who thinks seriously of the problems of the day.

I shall take the position that women were not intended to work when the Creator gave Eve to Adam as a helpmate and companion. Allowing this, how can we account for the great numbers of women who are daily entering the fields of industry. Surely we cannot account it to any petty cause or fad, for there are too many hardships connected with such a life; the endless worries and the long office hours are not such small items that they would be undertaken to gratify some whim or eccentricity.

Then, as we can lay it to no such cause as this, we have to look deeper. Let us say (and it is true) that a woman's nature, aside from her sexual difference, is the same as a man's, and therefore she is heir to the same aspirations, ambitions and weaknesses. Such being the case, is it any more than right that we should allow her to enter upon the regular routine of our business pursuits, and political obligations?

We argue that a woman's proper place is home; providing happiness and good cheer for her husband. How, then, when her husband, as is too often the case, is a shiftless, worthless individual, who either lacks the natural ability or else is too lazy to provide for her positive necessities? She knows that she can earn more than he. Is it not right in this case for her to bear her share of the burden? She has shown herself to be fully capable, and is the equal of man in any of the lines she has undertaken. Do not we admit that a woman is a better teacher, doctor or salesman, and that she is as good a bookkeeper, stenographer or typewriter as any man?

Have you ever noticed in a family of moderate means how, as soon as the girls begin to draw near to the age of twenty-five or thirty, that the father and mother, who are supporting them by the sweat of their brow, shift around and seize the first opportunity that offers and put the girls to work? Aside from the point of necessity, is it morally right for a woman to sit idly at ease all her life by the labors of her father, brothers or some other family connection, with the excuse that the Creator never intended that she, being a woman, should work? If you can find the father, brother or family connection who will allow a mentally and physically sound woman to live the life of a parasite upon him in this manner, you may point to him as the exception and not the rule.

JNO. R. BEAVER.

(This letter was found on the campus the other day by a member of the MAROON AND WHITE staff. It is evidently the work of some noble "Prep.")

Dear Pappa:

I got here yesterday all rite. This town sholly do look like a city. Of course it ain't, but it is got more houses than home. I never seen so many big boys in all my life. A Prof. came to me and showed me to one of the boys and he taken me through the college and showed me where the "Prep." was at, and he said that was the place I would go.

Everybody must have just got back from fishin when I got here, cause everybody was a hollerin "Fresh Fish." The place where we eat is called the "Mess Hall." I don't know why they call it that, but I do know that it is a good place to eat at. We have lots of good meat three times a day, grits for breakfast and supper and rice for dinner. Have lots of good hot biskit all the time and the best yallow buter I ever seen. I taken a walk yesterday round through town. I seen lots of prety girls, but I ain't met none of them yet. One of the boys said he would have took me to a party tonight but he wasn't invited. He said that moren likely thered be another one next week and that weed both get to go. I have got that $3 & 20c you gave me yesterday, but the boys tell me that that wont last me no time "HERE" and then I must have some for the party you know, so don't forget to send me $3.00 more. Tell mamma I aint goin to get homsick. Tell Dora and Sally and Becky and Myra and Minnie and Ola and George and [The names of the rest of his brothers and sisters we leave out, as it would take up too much room to put them all in.] to write to me.

Well, I must stop,

Your son,

JOHN R.

TRUE CITIZENSHIP.

There never was a family, tribe or nation but what had some form of government, though rude and inadequate it may have been. Men naturally collected in groups and established rules of order by which they could command obedience, and when the bonds of allegiance were broken that the transgressor may suffer the penalty. Thus the divine laws were formulated by God for the purpose of righteousness and that the free moral agency of man may dominate. So were the laws of this nation struck off by the hand of time that peace, harmony, good will and love may exist in the bosom of man.

Law is an essential attribute for citizenship to be retained and society preserved. Character allied with law is a safe guarantee for equity and justice.

The civilization of the East rose to a considerable height, but being fettered by despotism, caste and polygamy, soon was shattered and its fragments were the utterances of a prophecy yet to be and a citizenship undefined. Greece, that great peninsula of Europe, so famously known in history for its literature, art and genius, in the possession of the principles of democracy, was the predication of the birth of even a greater citizenship. Rome, by her tribute policy, under the iron grasp of Caesar and his tenth legion, gained an imperial sway. Yet this land of Italy, viewed by the ascending Alps, committed her deeds of carnage which were a vindication of her fall. It was a land of slaves, mercenaries, gladiators and a continual controversy between the rich and the poor. How often did the worthy plebian go to Mount Sacer in search of freedom but for a time, only to have pressed down upon his brow that sad word *Defeat*. But a great wave came from the north and swept into crumbling ruins the land of Virgil, Horace and Livy and out of the chaos was born, as if by magic, the Anglo-Saxon race. From the combination of the Northmen, Celts, Angles, Saxons, Jutes and English resulted our present citizenship.

This nation should pay due tribute to the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Pilgrims of Massachusetts. They stood through the days of peril and adversity. A savage race, a dense forest, facing a deep blue ocean, with hearts for any fate. Through the restless and courageous efforts of the Cavaliers, and by his policy of expansion, territory was gained and English supremacy was made inevitable.

The history of our ancestry is not one of peace; but by way of comparison we can say the same of the history of Israel. If freedom could be obtained only by battle, the colonies were perfectly justifiable, and we may alternate by saying that there is a time for peace and a time for war. When principle is at stake,

yes; when we are true to ourselves, our country and our God there is no undertaking too great, no barrier that cannot be torn down. Those laws of brutality that bound us to England had to be severed, and so they were, and as a consequence we cherish the sentiment of the Declaration of Independence and our great bulwark, the National Constitution.

The days of conflict are over. The divine right of kings to rule harshly is no longer tolerated. The chief aim of every officer of Parish, State or Nation should be to justly administer the law and the privilege and test of every citizen is obedience to the law administered. We are all indirect framers of every documental law and if we should be so unthoughtful and negligent as to fail to participate in the formation of law we have canceled our rights and that fraternal love for our country's well being has been forfeited. True citizenship is both a prerogative and a duty to be exercised by the individual.

The chief aim of every institution of learning dotted here and there through the country should be to turn out into the world well-equipped, God-loving, God-fearing and enthusiastic citizens. The fountains of knowledge are open wide and I hear a calm, still voice from the hills of science, "Whosoever will, let them come."

The citizenship of the future is in demand. The citizen will be judged from a standpoint of his developed powers. He must study political and religious problems, whether it be on the negro, tariff, reciprocity or justification. He who thinks well acts well. We must be content to be rocked in the cradle of sorrow as well as to listen to the sweet lullabies of peace; ever keeping in mind life's ideal and the significance of a true citizenship. Character is at stake in the performance of every duty. Every means for an end is either right or wrong. It necessarily blends with good citizenship and from their union emanate the virtues of nations. A social, peaceful and thoughtful policy should be the motto of all people. The family is the unit of a nation, and if all family ties were severed anarchy would establish its flag of darkness.

Then who is it that is not proud to be a citizen of the American Republic? To bask in the Southern sunshine, to breathe the plantation air, to listen to the sweet murmur of a Southern brook. No individual should imitate the non-prudence of "The Slothful Servant" and sacrifice his franchise upon the altar of shame. It was once said that "the vote of the people is as the voice of God." Our franchise should be regarded as sacred. Let us march on to the things that are before.

We of the South, surrounded by traditions that are pleasant memories, overshadowed by a poetic sky, have a citizenship of which we are justly proud. The South's literary possibilities are unlimited and her history unparaled. We fought for consti-

tutional rights. Although these rights were canceled upon the field of battle by overwhelmning numbers, the deeds of chivalry wrought by Southern men and Southern women will live through the annals of nations. In this struggle the gray-haired veterans whom many of us claim as fathers were the conspicuous figures. Who among us are not proud of such an heritage? The brows of the Confederate veterans shuld be crowned with laurel wreaths and their pathway strewn with garlands and flowers.

Again, civil liberty and Christianity have been the motto of the true citizen. The Civil War swept as a besom of destruction over our land, yet hath the breath of the simoon passed and the bonds of union and brotherhood bind the two sections more closely together than ever before. The days of carpetbagism and negro dominition have gone, and gone forever. The Mason and Dixon line is speedily losing its significance and we are now marching to the success of the future under a national flag. Providence, working through the current of human history, has aided in the adjustment of difficulties. So that as a united people, let us clasp hands and march on with hearts for any fate and with cheering words for each other. While doubtless in the firmament of an intellectual citizenship are stars, suns and planets that have never been discovered, let us again remember that the best qualities of a good citizenship are vested in the individual who works not only for himself but for his fellow countrymen. May the statue of Liberty forever shine as an emblem of intelligence and freedom. May virtue and honor forever be the insignia of Southern youth, and may the motto upon his banner forever be "My country, my whole country, and nothing but my country."

C. E. Fike.

MAROON AND WHITE.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1905. NO. 2.

Published Monthly During Academic Year by the Joint Literary Society of Centenary College.

T. D. LIPSCOMB, - - Editor in Chief. U. B. EVANS, - - Associate Editor.
H. T. WADLEY, Local Representative. J. C. ROBERTS, Alumni Representative.
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Subscription price FIFTY CENTS per year.
All business communications, advertisements to be inserted, and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager.
Entered at the Postoffice at Jackson as second-class matter.
Advertising rates furnished on application.

JACKSON, LA., MARCH, 1905.

EDITORIALS.

STAY AT COLLEGE.

Some of us are sore over the results of the half-year's examinations, and some others of us can feel in our bones the spring that will soon be upon us; we imagine that the birds are caling us and the green trees and fragrant flowers inviting us to leave these "barren walls" and the dry bones of Latin and mathematics and come out "into the beautiful world." But that is a voice, boys, inticing us to evil. We belong here.

There is no place in this twentieth century for the man who cannot think and labor, and you can't learn to think and get the disposition to battle with obstacles and overcome difficulties without training. The horrors of Virgil and mess hall biscuit are hard to bear, but it will pay us to bear them. There is a work for us out in the world in some of the trades of life. Without the keenness of brain to see through difficult questions and plan the best way to solve them, and without that inclination to pull off your coat and go in to do right up to the mark whatever the hands find to do, you and I are not going to cut much of a swath in this world.

Going to college means more than learning a little Latin, literature and the like. It means getting ready to live to some

account. So, let's bear our hardships and buckle down to earnest effort and not talk or think about throwing up and cutting for home. Let's achieve results that will make the old folks at home glad they sent us up here.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

The birthday of the father of our country has come and gone. In all parts of the United States the day was celebrated with suitable demonstrations of patriotism. In this country the name of Washington is revered among us not so much because we place Washington above all other great Americans, but because Washington has come to represent Americanism—freedom, liberty to achieve. When we celebrate Washington's birthday, we are rejoicing that democracy's voice can be heard in the land, that the people rule, that the professions of life are open to all who are willing to labor.

Washington means with us that we no longer bow down to the aristocratic spirit of idleness, but that we glory in the spirit of work and the opportunity to work, that we measure a man by what he can do and not by what his ancestors thought they were. We rejoice that America is the home of the free—free to do the right—and the brave—brave to surmount the difficulties that beset our paths.

IT IS TRUE.

In the Book of Books we plainly read that a certain wise man built his house upon a rock, "and the rains descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock." We also read in the same paragraph of Scripture that a foolish man built his house upon the sand, and when the rains descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. These are plain facts and are manifested every day. No right-thinking person dares to question them for one second. Now, there is a college in the smiling little city of Jackson, La. This grand old college was founded nearly fourscore years

in the historic hours of yesterday. It has stood many storms and has sent forth from its sacred walls some of the noblest and grandest sons of our glorious South. Go into the commercial world, the professional world, and wheresoever you may choose, and you will find dotted here and yonder valuable men who reflect with joy and pardonable pride upon dear old Centenary as their beloved alma mater. It is with gladness that all right-doing students look back upon the school days spent at this college. The recording anel alone is adequate to write what Centenary College of Louisiana has done for Christian education. The very name of Centenary calls up some of the fondest recollections of by-gone days of many noble men, and well may they cast an eye backward upon Centenary, for her fame increases as does the strength of a mighty oak in the insensible progress of time. She has been and is still a protection to the human race in this fair land of ours. She stands for Christian education, for all that is pure and right; and right stands above the great constellations shining amid them all, as does the moon among the smaller stars. Though the mistakes in human affairs have been thousands, and the evil battles have been millions, still Centenary stands firm against every fierce attack, for she is not a mistake and is founded on the Rock of Ages. Some that are weak in the faith have already predicted evil as her future destiny, but we know whereof they speak, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Centenary stands firmer today than ever before. I am glad to say that she has started on a new line of march. She has taken on new life. Her vows have been renewed, deeper and stronger. Her doors are open to upright, moral gentlemen, and the gentle breezes are beckoning for such boys to come and enlist in life's noble battle; and they are continually coming to make clean records and to emblazon their good names high on the record of fame.

Truly and gloriously there is implanted within every heart a desire to be great. Such a desire is a mark of high calling, and no effort should be left undone by any precious immortal soul to reach the height of its ambition. Young man, look well and

begin your life's work in the proper manner. It is indeed good and right to have Christian gentlemen to instruct the noble sons and excellent daughters of God's creation. The best instruction can be obtained in Christian schools, and in them alone. Then you who prefer light rather than darkness, arise and support the grandest institutions of learning that are found on God's green earth. When the spiritual man is neglected the greatest faculty of man is neglected, so to you who desire knowledge, "seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all other things shall be added to you." Seek for the best to begin with, and pursue such a course, and success will always crown your efforts.

Man is God's noblest work, therefore man is entitled to the noblest and best things in life. If man will seek for the best he can always find it, and the best education is found among God's people. No higher compliment can be paid a man than to say that he is a Christian gentleman, for such a man has found the pearl of reat price and will finally join the realm where beauties fade not away.

When we cast a wistful eye backward over the grand record of Centenary, deep feelings of joy course through our souls, for as we look over the broad field of battle we find that many of the true leaders of men that are found in the very foremost ranks are sons of Centenary. She does not enroll thousands during one session, but her steady influence tells on the fair State of Louisiana. She is the bulwark of Christian education in this portion of our Sunny South. Her President and faculty are noble, genteel, Christian gentlemen, so young men, if you are not afraid to do right, cast your presence and influence with us at Centenary.

Y. M. C. A.

H. E. TOWNSEND, Rep.

We were glad to have with us some time ago one of our old members, Rev. R. H. Harper. While here he conducted one of our services. His talk was very interesting. All during his college course here at Centenary he was a faithful member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and we miss him very much.

The Y. M. C. A. cabinet wih to express their thanks to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Goodrich for a large number of valuable books given by them to our library.

We were glad to have our friend Dr. Keener lead our service last Sunday. His talk was very inspiring and instructive, and the students who were present express it as their desire to have the Doctor with us again.

As a result of the visit of Mr. Pettus to our Association, we have enrolled all the students boarding on the campus, and a good per cent of the boys boarding in town, as members of the missionary classes. The text-book which is being used is "Japan and Its Regeneration."

We have quite a large number of books in our Y. M. C. A. library. Anyone desiring to read any of these books may do so, by seeing Mr. Craig, the librarian.

Fellows, why not come to the Young Men's Christian Association? You do not know what you are missing by not attending these meetings. As the long summer afternoons come on, let us not become negligent of our duty toward the Association. The Y. M. C. A. is for you and your good, and it depends largely on you for its success. Certainly it cannot help you unless you are willing to make some effort of your own. It is true that the interest and attendance from the beginning of the session has been good, perhaps better than it has been for a good many years, and we are glad to see this. But think how much better it would be if every boy should become deeply interested in the work. Come then with us and we will do thee good.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His all-wise providence to remove from this world the soul of our beloved friend, Prof. Charles Newton Lynch.

Be it Resolved, That we, the student body of Centenary College, extend our most heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in this, their sad hour of sorrow.

Be it further Resolved, That we bow our heads in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved further, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved famly, a copy be published in the MAROON AND WHITE and that a copy be sent to the *Christian Advocate.*

H. T. WADLEY,
H. E. TOWNSEND,
A. F. SMITH,
Committee.

ALUMNI NOTES,

J. C. ROBERTS, Rep.

We were pleased to welcome Rev. Henry Harper, 1904, in the old college halls a few days ago. Henry has interests in our midst that will always bring the old boys back. He now has charge of a work at St. Martinville, La. He has started out in the noblest of noble callings and has the best wishes of all who know him. While at Centenary Mr. Harper distinguished himself as an orator—his speeches always winning applause, and he himself always carrying off medals. We think he has selected his right work, and success is sure to attend his efforts.

Albert Simon Lutz has been sent to California to use his great powers to build up Methodism in that portion of this moral vineyard. Mr. Lutz will succeed there as he has succeeded here at his home.

Gordon Holcombe, one of our most talented sons, is at home from Tulane for a few days. He is on the sick list. We hope he will soon be all right.

It is about time the alumni of Centenary were beginning to think about taking some steps toward the betterment of the condition of the great old institution. The alumni have not done their duty to their alma mater. Some events have recently happened that have brought Centenary prominently before the people of Louisiana. If the alumni intend to do anything for it, now is the time to make the most telling aids. Centenary has struggled along with the idea of purifying the atmosphere and elevating the ideas of the student body. Now the purifying and elevating has been accomplished and better work is being done than ever before. Now is the time to rally to our assistance. Let the alumni begin to think about this matter and come to Centenary next commencement resolved to do something for the institution that has done so much for us.

UNION LITERARY SOCIETY.

R. H. MERCER, Rep.

Pro Patria et Virtute.

We are glad to see so many of the boys taking an active part in our society. The attendance throughout the past term has been unusually good, and we hope the good work will continue. Each member realizes the good that can be accomplished by taking an active part, and every member debates at each meeting.

Last Saturday night H. E. Townsend was elected President, to fill the office made vacant by Mr. Smith.

At our last meeting we received the challenge from the Franklin Institute for the annual joint debate, and for a series of baseball games for the La Prade cup. We have held this cup for the past four seasons, and the prospects pointing to our holding it in the future are good.

At a special meeting called February 17th, H. E. Townsend and T. D. Lipscomb were elected disputants, to represent our society in the annual joint debate, and H. T. Wadley was elected manager and captain of the baseball team.

At the last meeting the applications of Messrs. Addison and McKneeley were handed in, and the above were taken into the society; also the following were elected to honorary membership: Misses McLean, Stevens, Mattingly, Alison, Fishburn, McKneeley, Taylor, Munson, Schwing, Miller, and Skipwith. We welcome and feel it a great honor to have these, Jackson's fairest daughters, in our society.

The Union boys have begun practicing ball in earnest. They all realize what it means to get on the team.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

W. T. Cobb, Rep.

The Franklins held their public debate on the night of February 6th. The disputants showed that some good work had been done. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should put a stop to the massacre of Christians in Turkey."

Affirmative, S. W. B. Calvin, W. T. Cobb; negative, Marvin Calvin, M. H. Honeycutt. The question was ably discussed on both sides. The affirmative won the decision of the judges. We had quite a good attendance, considering the weather.

We are glad to say that the boys are very much interested in society work. At our last meeting we challenged the Union Society for a debate and ball game. Both challenges were accepted.

Mr. J. B. Taylor was elected manager and captain of the baseball team. He intends to get his material together at once and begin practice.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

A. D. Ellis, Rep.

We have on our table this month *The Andrew College Journal*, a new but an extremely welcome visitor. Contained within its attractive covers are several good stories and one or two

heavy pieces which show special thought and work. Among others, "Interesting Facts About Japanese" shines as a beacon.

Also on our table this month we find the *Blue Mountain College Magazine* and *The Aurora,* both up to their usual high standard of excellence.

We have numbers of other exchanges on our table this month, but owing to exams. we have been unusually busy and have not devoted the time that we should to our exchange department.

LOCALS.

H. T. WADLEY, Rep.

Mr. T. D. Lipscomb visited the home folks, near Clinton, recently, and was detained there several days by a slight attack of the "grip."

* * *

A number of the boys have been sick lately, owing to the "beastly" weather. Among those indisposed were Evans, Lansing, Hoffpauir, Gore, Hudspeth and McKneeley. We are glad to say that they are all up again and as "chipper as crickets," thanks to the faithful nursing of Mrs. Miller.

* * *

Two new students have entered the Commercial Department, Mr. W. Hatcher of Bluff Creek and Miss Ola Stephens of Slaughter.

* * *

Owing to the extremely cold weather the acetylene lights on the West Wing have frozen, and all the boys on that wing are cast into outer darkness.

* * *

Mr. R. H. Mercer has been promoted from office boy to Union representative on the MAROON AND WHITE staff.

* * *

Aleck and Will Smith left for their home, near Wilson, last week.

* * *

The girls of the High School gave an entertainment for the benefit of their library. All of the Preps. were extended the privilege of attending, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

* * *

Mr. R. H. Harper, an alumnus of Centenary, and now pastor of the Methodist Church in St. Martinville, visited us recently. It is not altogether the desire to see "old Centenary" that causes his frequent visits.

It is rumored that Aleck Smith will be with "us" next Sunday. Perhaps that is the cause of some of our most charming co-eds wearing that smile "that won't come off."

* * *

Mr. A. D. Ellis, principal of the Commercial Department and member of the MAROON AND WHITE staff, visited New Orleans recently to have his eyes operated upon.

* * *

Misses McLean and Stephens, two of our most charming co-eds, visited the home of Miss Stephens not long since. Judging from the "jubilant" air of the last named young lady and the mournful appearances of some of our college boys, we imagine that there was "something doing" about Slaughter during their brief sojourn there.

* * *

Mr. Amos Addison visited friends near Riddle, La., recently.

* * *

Who said that it would be "All right" in the Commercial while Professor Ellis was away?

* * *

Mr. Craig visited Baton Rouge a few days ago to celebrate Washington's Birthday by gazing at the big paper and tinfoil covered wagons.

* * *

Ben Gore visited his home, near Norwood, last week.

* * *

The Athletic Association has at last been resurrected from the list of good, old things that "have been." About twenty-five members were enroled at the first meeting. Mr. H. T. Wadley was elected President; T. D. Lipscomb, Vice President, and U. B. Evans, Secretary and Treasurer. Under such an able list of leaders the success of the association is assured, and we prophesy that it soon will be playing an important part in the life of "Old Centenary."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Preach—Mercer, is it lawful for a man to marry his widow's sister?

Mercer—Yes. He might as well marry her as any other woman.

* * *

Professor Roberts—Mr. Mains, when did Columbus discover America?

Mr. Mains (A Prep.)—I don't remember the exact date, Professor, but it was just after he captured Constantinople.

Professor U.—Mr. H., what part of speech is the word "ran?"

Mr. H.—A verb.

Professor U.—What kind of a verb?

Mr. H.—An adverb.

* * *

Stratman—Someone has gone into my room and stolen everything I had.

Len. Thomas—Why, that is bad, Strat. What did he steal?

Strat.—A pair of "red" ten-cent socks.

* * *

"A friend is like a watch; no good at all unless you can depend upon him."

* * *

Taylor and Currie say they go hunting when they stroll up Millwood way every evening, but so far they have failed to *show up their game*. Ask Evans and Wadley what their *game* is.

* * *

"Don't pursue culture, lest you scare it to death."

* * *

Logic of a Prep.: Don't observe "table manners" in the mess hall, for if you do you will starve to death.

* * *

Professor Brown, while out hunting recently, shot into a farmer's back gallery. The only regret he expressed was that he missed the bird. He was somewhat consoled later on in the day by killing a blackbird out of a flock of about five thousand. His marksmanship is improving.

* * *

Fond longings of a student at Centenary:

Something to eat (but not in the mess hall).

A soft bed (but not the *feathers of the "Wing"*).

An easy Professor (but not at Centenary).

A sweetheart (but, oh! not in Jackson).

* * *

Ask *"Taylor"* what was in that letter he received on St. Valentine's Day. Possibly it was a valentine, but *Taylor* didn't *"take it"* that way.

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MAY, 1905.

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VOL. V. MAY, 1905. NO. 4.

TRINKLE'S MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

Yes, horses brought good prices just after the Civil War, and the advantage possessed by the mountainous section of the State was appreciated. Horses and grass put together made money. Further east, grass was scarce; hence horses were high.

The railroads of the whole South were little more than roadbeds at the close of hostilities, and Virginia fared worse than any other Southern State in this respect.

At this time my partner in business was an older man than myself, and it was decided that I should take a small drove of horses across the mountains to Lynchburg and sell them.

"Salt Pond Mountain" was on the route I had before me, and bushwhackers were not unknown in that section after the war. Occasional reports of violence had reached us for some time, and I armed myself as well as my work would allow, a revolver being all I could carry.

Conditions then were quite different from what they are now. Just after the war many robbers and army thieves found hiding in the mountains as far east as the Blue Ridge. Even now we find an element of lawlessness among the mountain classes southwest of us on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia; the opportunity for evading the law being greatest at the junction of State lines. Add to this all the demoralizing influences of a long war, the absence of civil and military authority, and some conception may be formed of the danger that threatened one traveling alone.

Leaving home before sun rise, with as many horses as I could manage roped together, the bracing air was enjoyed by the horses as well as by myself.

There were two large "spurs" of the Alleghany mountains to cross before I reached the Blue Ridge. The first was passed uneventfully. No suspicious persons were seen, and I felt that

no one would dare bother one having horses which could be identified by dozens of men in my county.

On the third day of my journey I began the ascent of the second mountain, through a country that to this day is almost as wild as it was then, but whose people have been greatly changed since the "sixties." The road was a series of ziz-zags and reverse curves, long, well shaded, and with as good grade as is usually found on a mountain road.

For two or three miles no house or human was seen. Later I passed a cabin about half way up the side of the mountain, from which emerged a dog, a cat, several children and a man. The last named animal carried a long mountain rifle and had apparently started up the road before he saw me. Keeping on the watch without manifesting uneasiness or suspicion is not always easily done. But when my mountain companion showed no special interest in me or my horses, I felt easy and gave him similar courtesy.

After going some distance, man and rifle disappeared from the main road by a path, which I rightly supposed was a "short cut" for pedestrians.

About noon the valley below began to spread out below me as a view breaks upon one who suddenly turns a corner. To the west was Angel's Rest, silent, lofty and alone. Alone? No, the guardians of valley and crest were there, and, as it seemed later, must have sent some from their rest to guard me. I paused to enjoy the view. On right and left was the frame, in front was the picture upon which the lights and shadows of unnumbered peaks and mountain ridges threw their harmonizing effects. In the picture was my small home town, scarcely visible at the foot of Angel's Rest. The scenic New river leaped its falls and shot its rapids, outdone only by the speed of the reflected light from its restless waters that wound snaks like through the valley below. Let it not be supposed that those who are reared among the mountains do not enjoy their present beauty and their eternal lessons.

A short while after noon I crossed the mountain crest and began the descent on the east, hoping for water and a suitable place to eat a lunch and feed my horses. This place was not found until I had gone some distance down the eastern slope,

where a small store, grist-mill and residence all together were situated on a small stream of water. Watering and feeding the horses, I rested on a box at the store to eat my lunch. Here I found that the proprietor "kept travelers" and that if I needed to stop over night on my return that he could accommodate me. Here, too, I saw the man who had taken the footpath on the western side of the mountain. In reply to my expression of surprise to find him there, he explained that this footpath saved several miles in crossing the mountain.

Soon resuming my way I passed but one other house until I had the mountain behind me. This house was no better than the other two on the mountain sides.

Two weeks after leaving home I had sold all the horses except my "saddler" and was on the way back, with more money in my pocket than judgment in my head. I should have returned home by some other road. But I did not.

(To be Continued).

REVENGE.

Is revenge sweet?
Well I think not;
The happiness of it
Soon goes to rot.

Is revenge sweet?
Some find it so;
But I can say truly
That I don't know.

Is revenge sweet?
Why should it be?
It wasn't sweet
When experienced by me.

Is revenge sweet?
Your heart will say
When asked this question
The simple word "Nay." G.

SAM'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Sam had worked on the Handell plantation for more than fifty years—in fact, he had been there so long that he was looked upon as part of the fixtures of the place. Sam was a firm believer in all supernatural phenomena, and had been walking about at nights and on hazy days with both eyes open, looking for something out of the ordinary to happen.

Sam was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and was always there to attend divine services. He had been baptized and had experienced a great change when he emerged from the water. He came up out of the water singing "I'se been waiting all de day, and now I'se been washed white as snow." One of Sam's lifetime friends, an unregenerate fellow, yelled out, "No you hasn't Brother Sam. You'se de same ol' black nigger I'se been rolling de bones with dese many years." This slur at his change of heart and color didn't deter Sam from making great protestations and from always giving his "sperience" whenever he had an opportunity.

The Baptist Church on the Handell place was in the midst of a great revival. The older brethren and sisters were taking turn about at stirring things up—this being accomplished by shouting and doing the cake walk to a low croon, which was simply a humming of some air to which the shouter would keep time. Sam, as one of the lights of the church, was a leader in this kind of "carryings-on." After the meeting had been in progress about a week, Old Sam selected Sunday night for his time to keep up the spiritual fervor. He rose from his seat in the "Amen corner" with a shout of "Hallelujah" in a sharp and long drawn out treble. He then made his way to the front of the pulpit and began his humming and his cake walking. This he kept up until he fell from sheer exhaustion. The brethren and sisters nearest him picked him up and laid him out to come to his senses as best he could; and his place was taken by one of the younger converts. This was carried on until five or six were laid out with Sam.

Sam came to some time after midnight and after shaking himself to see if he were not in a dream, began his trip home. He had not gone far before he saw approaching him from the underbrush by the side of the road a white object of uncertain size. What happened between the apparition and Sam no one knows but Sam, and he describes their meeting thus:

"I was walking along de road from de church thinking how good de Lord had been to me to save my soul from de worritin' of de future, when I hears a noise and looking up sees de Angel ob de Lord comin' arter me with his wings spread out just like he was ready to take me off dis world and fly up to Heben with me. I began to think about my poor ole 'oman at home and how

lonesome she would be without me, and I says it wouldn't be Christian like to leave her here and go up to Heben without her; so I says to de Angel of de Lord, 'Brudder Gabrul, what de Lord has sent arter dis onery ole nigger, can't you put it off till I goes home and sees de ole 'oman? I'se ready to come when you blows your horn, but Brudder Gabrul, I does want to see de ole 'oman.' With dat de Angel begins to come too close to me and I begins to back off. De Angel keeps coming on and I keeps backing till I sees de Angel coming faster 'an I was abacking. So I turns my back on him, and Lord bless your soul, chile, if I didn't outrun de Angel Gabrul in a clean cut race—and him with his wings, too."

TIMPSON TIMS.

"THE BELLS."

(A PARODY.)

Hear the ringing of the bell!
Mess-hall bell,
What a lot of grits and gravy the ringing foretells,
Morning, noon and night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of its tones
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of crazy rhyme,
Like the rattling of a minstrel's bones,
And everywhere the preps
Accelerate their steps,
At the ringing of the bell,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
At the clanging and the twanging of the bell.

Hear the tolling of the bell,
Chapel bell,
As Trotsy tolls it long and well,
An hour behind the time,
He's knocking out a rhyme
On the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
And the preps, like noble heroes,
Get ready for the zeros,
At the ringing of the bell,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
At the ringing of the 8:30 bell.

Hear the ringing of the bell,
Brazen bell!
The "lights out" bell, that we know so well.
It's ten o'clock at night,
And out goes every light
At the ringing of the "lights out" bell.
And by the pale light of the moon
"Trotsy" hammers out a tune
On the bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell, bell,
On the melancholy "lights out" bell.

S.

MAROON AND WHITE.

VOL. V. MAY, 1905. NO. 4.

Published Monthly During Academic Year by the Joint Literary Society of Centenary College.

T. D. LIPSCOMB, Editor-in-Chief.
H. E. TOWNSEND, Associate Editor.
S. W. B. COLVIN, Y. M. C. A. Editor.
J. C. ROBERTS, Alumni Editor.
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W. T. COBB, Franklin Representative.
R. H. MERCER, Union Representative.
A. D. ELLIS, Exchange Editor.
H. E. TOWNSEND, Business Manager.

Subscription price FIFTY CENTS per year.
All business communications, advertisements to be inserted, and remittances should be sent to the Business Manager.
Entered at the Postoffice at Jackson as second-class matter.
Advertising rates furnished on application.

JACKSON, LA., MAY, 1905.

EDITORIALS.

Among Centenary's greatest benefactors are found the following persons:

The character of the late Judge Edward McGehee, of Woodville, Miss., towers upward as an Alpine peak, grand, lofty, magnificent. The generosity of this noble man reached to every accessible place. His benevolence to colleges and churches was great. This college was the child of his love. He originally purchased the buildings from the State and his gifts to it were not less than $70,000. He was also chief patron of the Woodville Female Seminary.

The Carondelet Street Methodist Church in New Orleans is a durable monument of his beneficence. He gave largely to the building, and when finished it owed him $40,000. This debt he offered to cancel if the church would pay him $16,000 in cash. When payment was tendered he refused to accept anything, but finally took $2,000. This sum he spent in building a church in Wilkinson County, Mississippi.

There was, says Bishop Keener, who was present, a tremulous emotion and modesty in the manner of his making this gift that surpasses the beneficence of the gift itself, for he seemed to be the obliged party in the transaction. He appointed himself the specially ordained benefactor of orphans, widows, the weak or suffering in every grade of life. He seemed to feel that his vast wealth had been placed in his hands not for his own individual comfort, but to shower upon every suffering creature. He was

gifted with the splendid judgment that man calls good luck. His possessions multiplied until his plantations stretched out as wide as a feudal estate, and his slaves numbered more than a thousand. He built the first railroad and cotton factory in Mississippi. In modern times Judge McGehee fills the unique position held by Abraham, the patriarch of old, whose vast possessions and household were consecrated to God. He was gifted with a multiform genius, a genius for government, for money-making, for winning love and for loving, and a genius for religion. This self-poised, self-acting, masterful man of affairs was humble, docile, teachable. Moving a born leader among men, he walked humbly with God. He seemed as incapable of falling below the measure of what he owed to God as of rendering a fellow-man less than his due. He was honest with God as well as man.

General Taylor, while President of the United States, offered Judge McGehee the Secretaryship of the United States Treasury. He declined the honor.

Fidelity was a strong trait in this noble character. He loved Centenary and never swerved in his loyalty to this grand institution among Christian and educational institutions. He was a life-long friend, patron, trustee and benefactor.

Judge McGehee was born in Oglethorpe County, Georgia, November 8, 1786, and died at his home in Woodville, Miss., October 1, 1880.

Hon. Geo. T. McGehee, of Woodville, is a son of the late Judge, and his father's mantle has fallen upon him. He is at present a most efficient member of the Board of Trustees. Dr. Edward McGehee is a member of the Board, whose time and talent are ever at the command of this institution. Thus the sons and grandsons of the eminent benefactor are closely following the noble example and good deeds of their great-souled ancestor.

Capt. J. N. Pharr, of St. Mary Parish, was one of the largest benefactors since the war. He was born in North Carolina in 1830 and came to Louisiana about 1850. Here he embarked in the milling business extensively and was very successful on account of his untiring energy and splendid business qualifications. Later he invested his means in steamboats, which plied the beautiful Teche and Atchafalaya under his own supervision. Of late years he was largely engaged in the sugar industry. He was patron, trustee and liberal supporter of the college and all worthy institutions. His estimable wife is also an enthusiastic advocate of Centenary.

Col. Peter James, of Yazoo City, Miss., heading the mercantile business of that city, was an alumnus, and also a trustee and benefactor. He was exceptionally liberal in the support of the college from which he emanated.

Mr. Philip Werlein, the prominent music dealer of New Orleans, pays interest on a $10,000 note.

Mr. J. H. Keller, one of the most enterprising and successful business men of New Orleans, has shown his liberality by his large gifts to Centenary.

Mr. J. P. Fullilove, a large planter near Shreveport, La., has given a $5,000 note, an evidence of his benevolence.

Hon. A. H. Gay, of Plaquemine, a faithful trustee, donated $5,000 in cash. His mother, Mrs. E. J. Gay, has given $1,000.

Mrs. Christian Keener, wife of Rev. Christian Keener, of New Orleans, has also proven her high esteem of Centenary by presenting the institution with $1,000.

These two noble women have most substantially manifested their love for Christian education.

One thousand dollars was given by Mr. C. W. Mills, of Atlanta, Ga. Thus Centenary has warm friends among the noble and good in other States.

Mr. W. R. McKowan, of Jackson, La., with a host of other friends, has been a generous contributor to Centenary.

Bishop John C. Kenner, President of the Board of Trustees, was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1819. He was educated at Middleton, Conn., and received his diploma at the age of fifteen years. He entered the ministry about 1841. In 1848 Bishop Keener was sent to New Orleans to take charge of the old Poydras Street Church. He has been a minister for fifty-three years. In 1865 he was elected editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*. At the general conference held in 1870 he was elected Bishop. In July, 1850, we find him first identified with Centenary College. Since that time he has been one of its staunchest friends. For forty-four years with great regularity he has visited the college. His tremendous force of character, invincible courage and unselfish devotion to the cause of education as Christianity have been an unfailing source of strength to Centenary.

In 1869, while the South was under the ban of Republicanism, and was financially bankrupt, the college maintained its existence through the indomitable will and energy of Bishop Kenner. He furnished a conveyance at his own expense and made a personal canvass of a large part of Mississippi and Louisiana, visiting Fayette, Natchez and Port Gibson, securing about $20,000 in subscriptions and notes to tide the college over the crisis. When the prospects were darkest, and brave men quailed and even despaired, Bishop Kenner was unfaltering. The same confident smile beamed from his face, and others gathered courage and zeal from his undaunted faith.

Bishop C. B. Galloway, D. D., of Jackson, Miss., to whose splendid energies, in a great measure, the success of Millsaps

College is due, has been and is still an admirer and friend of Centenary, and especially did he show his friendship while editor of the *Christian Advocate*. The Bishop is also a member of the Board of Trustees.

Those who love Centenary have a pressing invitation to visit this venerable and most honored institution at the coming June commencement. Centenary's friends are urged to come. Commencement exercises begin Saturday, June 3, and close Wednesday, the 7th. Letters have been received unsolicited from men who graduated at Centenary in 1855 and 1857. These men have done honor to Centenary for half a century; they are still loyal to their alma mater and love the grand old Centenary that equipped them with a strong, noble manhood to win on the battle-fields of life.

SUNSHINE.

Sunshine is bright and cheerful. It encourages man, gives him strength and lifts the burdens of life from heavy bearing upon his way. But we do not appreciate sunny days until the gloomy, cold, rainy days come upon us. After the cold rain drops, the frantic sleet, the winter's cutting wind have harrassed us for a few days, then we wish for a sunny season, and when it breaks upon us we rejoice, for dark days just as sad hours bring us to ourselves, each in its sphere, and cause us to learn the value of beautiful sunshine. But above this there is the sweet sunshine of everyday life—cheerfulness. Man was not made a living soul to wear upon his brow a dark, angry cloud and by so doing cause other souls to believe that life is dark and gloomy and not worth living. Have within your soul the living sunshine of life and let men see your light beaming from a cheerful countenance. Smile and help a weaker brother. Keep your sorrows buried beneath an oasis of sweet, happy smiles. Let the living sunshine penetrate your soul and send joy into other lives. Smile in the deepest sorrow and laugh in the midst of a sigh. Let life be all that it is intended to be and you will be happy. When in your dark hours and rough pathway, go and place your arm around some friend and tell him that life is real and that you know trials are upon his soul, but to cheer up and be happy. Give him a warm handshake, a gentle smile or speak some kind words. Hide your own sorrows and let your light shine, for more light and greater joy is needed. These things we must make. Trouble and sorrow will come soon enough without looking in the future for it. Be cheerful and the world will be brighter to you and you will increase the joy of some other soul. Cause others to rejoice and you will be happy. Give forth all the sunshine you can, live right and your crown will glow in the eternal sunshine.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

Young man, do you ever stop for one moment and ask yourself a few questions about the way you are spending your time? We are living in a rapid age, so much so that we are almost carried along in the general current of life without any serious thought or action to guide our course. Some things God gives often; some He gives only once. The seasons return again and again, with them come and go the birds and flowers, but youth comes twice to no one. Fellow student, the question of how we spend our early life is a serious one. It is the most important period in all our life. What a great thing it is when one sees the true value of his youth and governs his ways accordingly. So many of us, as it were, are sleeping our time away. We are spending our time in a careless and indifferent way. Very often our boyhood days are come and gone before we have realized what is our youth. Often it is not until the darker shadow of after years come upon us that we can see what we have lost in youth. What a sad thought this is. Why is it that while we are enjoying the pleasures of youth we fail to see the great necessity of preparing ourselves to meet the battles of life. Ah, how many of us are going to say, If I could but only call back my boyhood days, my life would be different from what it is now. But, fellows, this cannot be done. Youth, when gone, can never be recalled. It comes our way but the one time. Then let us wake up and determine to do something while the opportunity is extended to us. Now is the time to begin. If we fail now to prepare ourselves for life, the opportunity will soon be gone forever. Let us so spend our early life that in after years we shall not look back with shame and regret on the way we spent our boyhood days.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

As the school year draws near its close, the question of employment for the summer comes home to many of us. "Shall I teach a summer school, enter some agency work, or if a ministerial student, take some sort of work along the line of my profession for the summer; or shall I stay out of school for the following year, in order to save money to come back later?" To answer these questions in one final and satisfactory decision is no easy task, and yet they are confronting a large per cent of the best students in the land. True, the work gives experience, but is that the main objective? Will not that come fast enough after the diploma is obtained? Then it must be solely a question of necessity as to money, and even that may involve experience. When after a summer's work it is found that unexpected expenses have devoured the expected profits. As teacher, a man may drag along for years working his way as an undergraduate,

on a low salary, of course; whereas, more could be made the first year after graduation than was realized during the greater part of the time preceding. Work for the summer is all right, but in few cases does it pay to stay out of school for a year, for the sake of experience, or even as a secondary consideration. It is better in the long run to borrow money—on life insurance, if no other security can be had—and finish the course first. Experience at the expense of scholarship may be too dear.

Y. M. C. A.

It gives us a great deal of pleasure to see the good work that is being done in this department of college life. The interest taken among the students at the beginning of the session has by no means died away, but it has rather spread throughout the entire student body. Some of the fellows who have heretofore lived a careless and indifferent life, are now taking an active part in the work. Now, fellows, we have only about three more Sunday afternoon meetings and about as many mid-week services. Let us realize the importance of these last few meetings and hold out faithful to the end. We will never meet together again in these meetings. Perhaps some of us will be here another year, but we shall not meet together any more as we do now.

* * *

We were glad to have with us a few days ago Professor Lacy. He conducted one of our Sunday afternoon meetings and gave us an interesting and instructive talk. The boys wish to have him with us again.

* * *

A few weeks ago Rev. M. B. Shaw addressed us in the Y. M. C. A. hall. We were glad to have Brother Shaw with us, and all enjoyed his talk very much.

* * *

The officers for the following year, who were elected at the last regular business meeting, are as follows: H. E. Townsend, President; S. W. B. Colvin, Vice President; H. T. Wadley, Treasurer; H. K. Goodwyn, Secretary; Ruffian Paine, Corresponding Secretary; J. E. Craig, Librarian.

ALUMNI NOTES.

There is a movement on hand to have a number of class reunions at Centenary next June. Quite a number of the old boys have expressed themselves as desirous of making the next commencement exercises the greatest meeting of the Alumni in the history of the institution.

This is a good idea and one that should be carried out. The men who have been educated here will always have a love for the old college that amounts almost to reverence. A fine way to show the love and interest will be to put aside business for a few days in June and come back to the old haven of happiness and think you are boys once again.

The Alumni Association will do its part in the entertaining of the old boys and a movement is on foot to have a grand reception and banquet as the crowning event of the commencement exercises of 1905.

In arranging the program for the exercises, one whole day has been given to the Alumni. The main thing is to come and we shall have a time long to be remembered in the history of the Alumni Association.

Jackson invites you. Centenary invites you. Come.

From recent newspaper reports we learn that another Centenary boy has done himself and his alma mater an honor. Mr. Charles Andrews Holcombe has been selected by the Law Department of Tulane University to represent that Department in the Southern Oratorical Contest, to be held in Gulfport, Miss. We offer Mr. Holcombe our congratulations and hope that he may come off victorious at the meet.

UNION LITERARY SOCIETY.

Pro Patria et Virtute.

The Union boys are still doing good work, and the interest taken is unusually good. It makes us glad to hear and join the spirited debates.

Commencement is gently coming and with it we hope many sons of Centenary will come, and among these we earnestly desire to strike hands with old Union brothers in our hall.

Not long since a number of our charming honorary members visited our Society, also a few visitors. All of these we were glad to have and we invite them to come often.

Boys that were with us in other days, the same old familiar hangings are upon the walls and the richly figured carpet is still upon the floor, the motto glitters just the same, the long roll with many new names is in the hall. New men are at the helm, but the same noble purposes that you kept in view are still and shall forever be held sacred. Good work is continually being done and God is ever blessing us as we strive righteously.

In order that all of the old boys may know what was done last year, we in all humbleness of spirit will tell a few simple facts. There were seven contests and in these seven the Union boys won the laurels. They worked hard and competed with worthy gentlemen.

This session we have boldly entered two contests on the athletic field, from whence our noble heroes came out victorious, the score in each game being 10 to 4 in our favor. So the beautiful LaPrade cup remains in our hall. Our line-up was as follows: Battery, H. T. Wadley (Captain) and R. Brown; first base, A. Vidrine; second base, E. McKneely; third base, H. K. Goodwyn; shortstop, R. H. Mercer; right field, A. Crawford; center field, A. Addison; left field, Ruffin Paine; substitutes, C. B. Tomb, J. F. McKneely and John R. Smith. Wadley struck out twenty-one men in the first game and fourteen in the second. The features of the last game were Addison's throw from deep center to home plate, which extinguished the run of a noble Franklin; a ground ball picked up by Wadley, thrown to Goodwyn on third, then to Mercer on second, making a quick double-play.

The team extends thanks to Miss Carrie May Miller for the beautiful U made of fragrant red and white roses, also the bouquet of similar flowers, each of which were entwined with rich Society colors.

The debate between the Societies will not be held, as we are going to have a debate during commencement. T. D. Lipscomb and H. E. Townsend will represent the Union.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The society is in a thriving condition and it is going to be better.

Everybody is taking an interest in the work.

Our public debate for next Monday night has been recalled, on account of the debate Monday morning during Commencement. The speakers from the Franklins are S. W. B. Colvin and W. T. Cobb.

Well, the ball games are over and the Unions still have the cup, yet I am not surprised at this. But with the cup we have been treated like brothers during the games by the opposing side. Their Captain has acted a perfect gentleman, both before and after our defeat. I must say the Union Captain is not only a man of noble principles but he is a good ball player. Our line up was as follows: Battery, Taylor (Captain), pitcher; Cobb, catcher; H. M. Lee, first base; S. W. Colvin, second base; Maxie Klein, shortstop; Melson, third base; M. H. Honeycutt, right field; Glasspool, center field; G. Honeycutt, left field. Every boy on the team did some fine work. Some excellent work was done by Taylor and if his backstop had been better I expect we could have told a different tale. Yet let it be as it is, for I am glad it is over.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The Andrew College Journal is one of our best exchanges. The young ladies possess enthusiasm and put some spirit in their work.

* * *

The Millsaps Collegian is pulling on the stroke oar this year. It is a good journal. "The Proposal a la Mode" is a funny piece and is gotten off on one of the students, we suppose(?).

* * *

The Mississippi College Magazine comes to us regularly and is good and interesting—showing that the "boys" take some pride in their work. "My First Run" is one of its "best" pieces.

* * *

A "FEW" LOVE SAYINGS.

He—Do you return my love?

She—Certainly, sir. I have not the slightest use for it.—*Exchange.*

* * *

(He and she kissing and making a great noise—"*kersmack*")—She: "You would better be careful, my sister out there on the gallery will hear you."

He (becoming excited and turning red): "Do you reckon we will get in trouble, and she will tell your mother, just wait a few minutes, I will go and ask her if she did hear us"——

The inference is that he went as they broke off suddenly with the conversation; and woe unto him if he did—poor fellow; but just as he was starting to go he saw the "puppy" and asked: "Do you suppose the puppy would tell on us?" XYZ.

* * *

We have *The Aurora, The Olive and Blue, The Pelican, The Industrialist,* and several other exchanges that are all good.

* * *

Lives of loafers all remind us
That professor runs this school;
If we loaf, we leave behind us
Knowledge that we've played the fool.

—*Exchange.*

HER KINDNESS.

Whereas, the student body of Centenary desire to express their heartfelt thanks and speak some kind words of Mrs. C. C. Miller for her unlimited kindness towards those who have been sick during this session, we, the undersigned, offer the following:

During this session of school a number of the boys have been

sick—some seriously sick. These received the very best of attention from Mrs. Miller. She came and kindly nursed them, day and night, never showing signs of weariness, but with untiring efforts and skillful nursing she stood by them and tenderly administered to their needs. Even when the sleet was falling and when the weather was bitter cold, in the bright light of day and the black shades of night, she came and went so that none should be neglected. Some suffered, but not one was neglected.

We cannot repay her while on earth, but truly she has cast bread upon the waters, and surely it will return to her a hundredfold. Therefore, we express our heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Miller for her untold kindness to us during our times of affliction.

I. H. HONEYCUTT,
J. E. CRAIG,
S. W. B. COLVIN,
T. D. LIPSCOMB,
Committee for the Student Body.

LOCALS.

The sixth of April was observed as memorial day in honor of the brave and noble dead who fell in the sixties and rest beneath the sod near our college.

* * *

Martin Young, an old student of Centenary, witnessed the sad defeat of his Society brothers on the seventeenth.

* * *

Alex and Will Smith of Wilson were on hand and ably assisted the Union rooters at the first ball game.

* * *

We were glad to have Jerry Law, a former commercial student, visit us recently.

* * *

A few days ago Miss Simms, one of our co-eds, left school.

* * *

The ball game between Centenary and the Jackson boys was called after the first inning on account of rain. The score was 1 to 1.

* * *

Prof. H. E. Townsend acted principal for a few days in the Wilson High School.

* * *

Monroe Morris was up from Baton Rouge during Easter. He saw somebody besides the boys.

Lipscomb and Townsend, accompanied by Prof. Brown, visited the home folk not many days since. They report having had a delightful time. Perhaps they saw more than named.

* * *

The charming Miss Smith of Lottie visited her brother and was entertained at the home of President Miller.

* * *

We had a few dark nights and some hard rains.

* * *

Hon. John Dutart Reiley was seen on our campus some days ago. Could it have been the old boys that caused his return?

* * *

Mains and McKneely spent Easter with their home folks.

* * *

Where did Addison spend Easter? He had a nice time.

* * *

Dr. R. Singleton, a former student of Centenary, spent some days near the college recently. His visit was not a return to

* * *

college, but a pleasant return to see friends.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we welcome the late arrival, Mr. Gorham, into our midst.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Andrus—"Say, Miss, are you going to sing that duet by yourself?"

* * *

Ask Taylor if he loves china dogs.

* * *

Which one of our co-eds, while opening the girls' room window, said to the refractory shutter: "Look here, now, this won't do?" Which one of our two "Big Preaches" rounded the corner as if shot from a cannon? Did they think Prof. Miller was around inspecting?

* * *

In our last issue we stated that the visual angle of one of our professors was dis-eased. He is all right, but now a rumor comes from another quarter which is as follows: Lord Roberts is about to effect a capture and it is not Lady Smith either that he is to capture.

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